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He put on his little overcoat & taking up the lantern sullied out into the darkness P 27.

# CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "THE BEST FRIEND."

1872

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Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society,

And approved by the Committee of Publication.

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# CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

## CHAPTER I.

### HEROISM.

What is heroism? A standard dictionary says, "it is bravery, courage, intrepidity, particularly in war." A dictionary gives the popular meaning of terms. This is the popular use of the word in the middle of the nineteenth century; but it is to be hoped that the popular use of the word in the coming century may cause the last clause of the definition to be omitted in any dictionary which shall then be compiled or revised.

It has been a common practice to repair to the battle field for the most distinguish-

ed examples of heroism. It is not needful to go there. Fields of blood and carnage afford no more striking examples of every element of heroism than has been afforded by those expeditions whose object was not to destroy men by the wholesale butchery of war, but to benefit man by researches calculated to shed light on points of vast importance to the interests of the whole civilized world.

If men must suffer, and bleed, and die, is it not better that precious lives should be sacrificed in enterprises designed to benefit the whole human family, and unite them in one common brotherhood, by increasing the means of communication, and strengthening the bond of a common interest, than that these precious lives should be freely sacrificed to the Moloch of war? There are other fields than the battle-field for the display of bravery and courage. There are brighter laurels to be won, than were ever won under the red flag of war. The world will boast of its heroes long after its swords shall be beaten into plough-

shares and its spears into pruning hooks. The brief sketch given in this chapter will furnish one proof that it is unnecessary, even at the present time, to go to the battle field to obtain an example of the truest heroism.

In the year 1854, an American exploring expedition crossed the Isthmus of Darien under circumstances of difficulty and danger almost unparalleled in the history of similar enterprises. Its object was to determine whether it were possible to unite the two oceans by means of a ship canal across the Isthmus.

The native Indian tribes were unfriendly to the scheme. They argued, that, if the Great Spirit had been in favor of the projected canal, he would, in the formation of the Isthmus, have given greater facilities for its construction. In this grave conclusion, the expedition fully concurred ere they had reached the shore of the Pacific.

Misled in regard to the difficulties and dangers of the enterprise, and the length of time necessary to accomplish it, by er-

roneous statements previously published, the party furnished themselves with only ten days' provisions. A party of Indians whom they employed as guides, led them to the banks of a river as winding and tortuous as any on the face of the globe. This river was their only guide across the trackless and unknown Isthmus. They dared not leave it, for it was the only thread to guide them out of the labyrinth; yet to follow it, in all its turnings and windings, subjected them to a long, tedious, trying march to the Pacific.

Their provisions were soon all consumed, and they were compelled to subsist on such game as they could obtain, and on the nuts they were able to find, both of which were very uncertain, so that food was often exceedingly scarce. They could procure no fish from the river, for their last fish hook had unfortunately been broken.

Their march through the forest was extremely toilsome, as they were compelled to cut their way through the dense undergrowth, which exceeded even the jun-

gles of Brazil and the West Indies. Many of the party had their clothes stripped from them, in forcing their way through. Their condition daily became more painful. Many fell ill from the hardships of the march and want of food. They fed much on an egg-shaped nut, covered with an acid pulp. This pulp was refreshing, but its acidity destroyed the teeth, and by degrees seriously injured the digestive powers of the stomach. Most severe sufferings were endured in consequence of this diet. Game was very scarce, and when taken, was usually divided among the sick.

It required no stinted measure of heroism to bear these accumulated hardships and sufferings, yet they were bravely borne. The common soldiers were patient and uncomplaining, bearing with fortitude their almost unparalleled hardships, and rendering the most implicit obedience to their officers, even when those officers had been reduced by suffering, to the mere wrecks of their former selves. Though enfeebled to the last degree, and scarcely able to bear

their own weight, not one of them thought of casting aside the musket he bore, or any burden assigned to him, till he received from his commanding officer an explicit order to do so.

The officers, on their part, displayed the most heroic courage, fortitude and magnanimity. This expedition furnished a striking example of the superiority of a strong cultivated mind, and a resolute will, over mere physical endurance. The officers sustained the fatigue and horrors of the march far better than the common soldiers, though doubtless possessing less bodily strength, and less previous experience of fatigue and hardship. After the men became incapable of performing their duties, the officers constantly cheered them, cleared a passage for them through the undergrowth, gathered nuts, brought down game, and lighted their camp fires, displaying, under these apalling circumstances, a heroism and self-forgetfulness worthy of the deepest admiration. Though the officers shot all the game, they reserved none

for themselves, but devoted it to the sick, while their own diet was restricted to the unhealthy nuts. To appreciate this noble disinterestedness, it must be remembered that it was exhibited by half starved men, while it is well known that nothing is more brutalizing than the cravings of hunger, which in many instances have converted civilized and enlightened men into cannibals.

The commander of the expedition was Lieutenant Strain, of the United States Navy. After a time this brave commander became convinced that he could never get his half-starved, sick, and suffering company, through to the Pacific by such marches as they were then able to make, constantly obliged, as they were, to halt for the sick ones. He therefore selected three of the ablest men, resolved with them to push forward to the Pacific, where there was a ship waiting to afford relief and succor. If he could reach that point, he could then return with aid to those he had left.

After the departure of Lieutenant Strain, the situation of the party left behind became every day more distressing. They were now under the command of Lieutenant Truxton. They were so often obliged to halt for the sick, that they made scarcely any progress. They hoped that their commander would return with relief in three or four days; but many days passed, till hope deferred made the heart sick. Often they fancied they heard a signal gun giving notice of his approach, but, to their bitter disappointment, it would prove to be only a falling tree. At last they were forced to the conclusion that he must have perished in the attempt to push through to the Pacific. Then came the inference: if he, with these three comparatively abled-bodied men, had not been able to get through, certainly there could be no hope that they, in their feeble state, could reach the shore of the Pacific. To return the way they had come, seemed to them the only shadow of a hope that remained, and this was at last determined upon.

The camp where this decision was formed was marked by the grave of the first of the party who had fallen a victim to these multiplied hardships. The name of this man was Holmes. It was with great difficulty that his grave was dug by his enfeebled companions. Their only implements were an axe, a hatchet, and their knives. A grave twelve inches deep was scooped out with their knives. In the heart of the deep, dense forest, at the still hour of sunset, all of that little band were gathered to attend the burial. No officiating clergyman was present; but Lieutenant Truxton himself offered a short prayer to Him whose omniscient eye penetrated even the deep gloom of that dense forest. Over the grave they erected a cross, and on it hung a pouch containing a letter to their commanding officer, in case he should return, informing him of their retrograde march, and the reasons for it.

Ere many days another forest grave was dug, and another of the party left to repose therein. This was sad; but a far sadder

trial was before them. To save the lives of those that remained, they were compelled to the dreadful necessity of abandoning one of the company while yet living; for they would soon all be dead, if they did not speedily reach a place where more could be obtained to sustain life.

A few days later they were obliged to abandon another of their party to the same dreadful fate. The name of this man was Lombard. He met his fate bravely. Day after day he had begged to be left, declaring that he could not live, and that the march of the others must not be retarded, and their lives jeopardized, to wait for him. They were at last compelled to do as he desired. Each one of his comrades, as he bade him a weeping farewell, shared with him the few nuts he had about his person. They kindled a fire near him, and left him with a pot, knife, and hatchet. He sat, calmly leaning against a tree, watching and directing the preparations made for his abandonment, and his was the only dry eye there. One of the officers offered a short prayer, and then the whole party moved

slowly away, leaving him to a fate which all thought it probable they should soon share.

Most of the party had now become too weak to obtain provisions in any way. Lieutenant Truxton, who had been the life and soul of the company, gave out. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the wretchedness of the camp on the night which saw this brave officer laid low. It was evident that not only he, but several others, had made their last march. It was indeed the very depth of darkness, but day was near at hand. While all were yielding to the deepest despair, suddenly the report of a musket was heard. In a few minutes an officer standing on the bank, reported that he saw boats and Indians. A moment after, the welcome announcement that there were white men in the boats sent a thrill to every heart. Another moment made it sure that their brave commander was among them. He had come with relief and succor, and grim despair was exchanged for a delirous excitement of joy.

The meeting between Lieutenant Strain and his party may be more easily imagined than described. A British surgeon, who had joined the relief party, and who had witnessed many scenes of suffering in hospitals and elsewhere, declared he could not have supposed it possible, that men could live and march in such a forlorn condition. They were little more than living skeletons, covered with sores, with the clothing nearly stripped from them. Everything possible was done for their comfort. In three days they were able to go on board the boats, and were conveyed to the Pacific.

Their commander, in pushing forward to the Pacific for aid, had suffered equally with those he had left behind; but the limits to which this sketch must be confined, will not permit even a glance at his adventures. He was reduced by starvation from one hundred and forty-five, to seventy-five pounds. When at last he reached the Pacific, he met with many trying delays in obtaining relief for his

men. The navigation of the river was extremely difficult, and he found it almost impossible to obtain natives to man the boats, as they were reluctant to undertake the expedition.

As he ascended the river, he discovered many proofs of the distressed condition of the party he had left. He found the grave of Holmes, and the letter deposited there for him. He also found the second grave, and the body of the first man abandoned. These were sad mementos of their terrible sufferings, filling with sorrow the heart of their brave commander, and torturing him with the fear that relief had come too late, and that none of them would be found living.

Seldom has the world witnessed conduct more heroic than that exhibited by many of those who took part in this unfortunate and perilous expedition, undertaken not for carnage and blood, but to throw light on a question of importance to the whole commercial world.

But the object of this little volume is

not so much to bespeak the admiration and emulation of the youthful reader for heroism in general, whether displayed on the battle field, or on the Isthmus of Darien, or in other scenes of difficulty and danger, as to direct the attention to that distinctive exhibition of this trait of character which will be designated as Christian heroism.

It may be thought that this is an entirely different subject, and that the sketch given in this chapter, and others which will be given, can have no bearing upon it. But this is not so. The elements of true heroism are the same everywhere. For an illustration we will take that affection of the heart which we call love. This emotion is essentially the same everywhere, modified only by circumstances, and the object which is loved. The Christian loves, and the worldling loves also. The worldling loves himself, his friends, his worldly comforts and possessions; so does the Christian. But the Christian loves that which the worldling does not. He loves God his

Maker, and Christ his Redeemer, and he not only loves them, but he loves them supremely better than any other object of affection. The choice of these as the objects of his supreme affection distinguishes the Christian from the worldling.

The same is true of heroism. Bravery, courage, and intrepidity form a heroic character. These same qualities, governed by supreme love to God, and employed in meeting the difficulties and performing the duties of the Christian life, form the character of the Christian hero. The sketch above given is presented as a striking instance of heroism exhibited in the prosecution of a worldly object. Many other instances might have been chosen. As has been remarked, it is common to repair to the battle-field for the most striking examples of heroism. Perhaps the choice of an example was guided by the wish to show that this is unnecessary. Indeed, it is not necessary to go beyond the common, ordinary walks of life to find examples of heroism, as will be shown hereafter.

My dear young readers, you too are threading your way across a narrow isthmus, washed on either shore by a boundless ocean. It is the isthmus of Time, connecting the ocean of Eternity past with that of Eternity to come. Each human being is a voyager across this isthmus; but those only reach a safe haven on the farther shore who place themselves under the conduct of the great Captain of salvation. Yet all who enlist in this company must be heroes. None other could persevere, or win the Victor's crown at last, so numerous are the difficulties to be overcome, and the enemies to be vanquished.

If your safety, your eternal happiness, depends upon attaching yourself to the company of Christian heroes, is not the subject of Christian heroism one in which you have a deep personal interest?

The officers of the Darien expedition marched before, removing obstacles, and clearing the path for their feebler followers. So has the Captain of our salvation gone before, and built a highway of holi-

ness, over which his redeemed shall pass. But the way is not stripped of difficulties. No obstacles are left which may not be overcome, but each one will find enough remaining to test his bravery, courage, and intrepidity.

In succeeding chapters some of the traits of a heroic character will be considered, and illustrated by striking instances of heroism in prosecuting mere worldly objects. The distinctive traits of Christian heroism will also be presented, and the character of the Christian hero illustrated by examples of Christian bravery, fortitude, patience, self-denial, and cheerfulness.

## CHAPTER II.

### BRAVERY.

THIS chapter will be devoted to the consideration and illustration of bravery as an element of the heroic character, and a marked trait in the character of the Christian hero. It may be expected that some brave general on the field of battle, or at least some individual in the full pride of manly strength and vigor, will be selected to exemplify this trait of character. Many thrilling anecdotes might be gleaned from this field; but they will all be passed by, while a little boy of five years old will be chosen as the hero of this chapter. When his story is told, you will doubtless admit that a braver heart never beat under a military uniform.

Perhaps not one of my readers occupy a home at all similar to the one in which

this little boy lived. This home was on a small island about ten miles from the main land, embracing not more than two acres of land. On this island was a light-house. As it was directly in the track of ships sailing to and from a large city not far distant, it was necessary to indicate its locality by this warning light, that vessels might not be wrecked upon it in dark and tempestuous nights. This light not only served as a warning, but also as a guide to point out to home-bound vessels the harbor they were seeking.

The name of the little boy who lived on this island was Walter. His father's business was to light and take care of the large lamp belonging to the light-house. It was for this purpose that he lived on this solitary island. As no other family resided there, they had no neighbors. Walter had no brothers or sisters, therefore his only companions, on that island home, were his father and mother. Sometimes his father went to the main-land, in his little boat, to get such supplies as were needed for

his family. On these occasions Walter and his mother were left alone on the island.

Walter's mother was taken suddenly ill one night. The next morning his father decided that it was necessary to go to the main-land for a physician. He rose early, and trimmed the great lamp of the light-house, ready to be lighted on his return at evening. Then he prepared some simple drinks, which he left by the bedside of his sick wife, and also a dinner for his little boy. Having made these preparations, and charged Walter to take good care of his mother, he set out in his boat, never doubting that he could easily make the trip across to the shore and back again before night, as he had often done. But he found the doctor so occupied that he could not return with him immediately, and indeed it was quite late before they left the shore. They had but just started when a violent storm came on, and it soon became very dark.

Leaving the lamp-lighter and the doctor

in the deepening darkness, we will return to see what Walter and his mother are doing at the same time. On the island, it began to look very threatening about the middle of the afternoon, and soon the rain poured down in torrents. It grew darker and darker, until Walter, who was watching from the window, could see nothing but the white crest of the waves, as they dashed with fury against the shore. The only sounds which reached his ears were the shrill cry of the sea-birds and the deep roar of the ocean. No boat was to be seen. The father's strong arm and beating heart, where were they? Separated from them by many a crested wave.

It was now six o'clock. Walter knew that this was the hour when his father lighted the great lamp. He looked out in the deep darkness, and lifted up a prayer for the safety of his dear father. Then he thought of the ships at sea, and how dreadful it would be, if one of them should be wrecked on the island for want of that beacon-light which his father would have

lighted, had he been there. Then there arose, in his noble and brave little heart, the wish to prevent such a catastrophe.

"Mother," he said, "I can climb the stairs, and light the lamp."

"No, my child," replied his mother, "I dare not have you go, and yet I wish it could be lighted."

"But, mother, what if one ship should be lost. Oh, mother! let me try. I know just how father does it. The lamp is all ready. I am not afraid to go."

"But, Walter, you cannot reach the lamp."

"I can stand on the stool that father sits on, when he fills the lamp. Let me go, mother. I will not be gone but a minute."

The mother made no reply, and Walter, receiving her silence as consent, immediately prepared to undertake the task. It was certainly one requiring a brave spirit in one of his years. Some boys of that age will not go through a dark entry alone, and some, when put to bed, will cry, if a lamp is not left burning in their chamber.

But Walter was not such a boy. The light-house was a little distance from the house; so that it was necessary for him to go out into the storm and darkness. He first lighted the lantern used by his father. Then he put on his little overcoat, and taking up the lantern, sallied out into the darkness. After he reached the light-house, he had to grope up a long, long pair of winding stairs which led to the top of the building. It was very dark on these stairs, and it seemed as if his lantern gave hardly a ray of light. Every now and then he came to an opening made in the wall to admit the light in the day time, and the wind blew into these openings so furiously as almost to take him off his feet.

Still Walter kept on, thinking not of himself, but of the ship he intended to save, until at last he reached the great lamp. It was in the middle of a little room, covered overhead and all around the sides with glass. Walter had sometimes been with his father when he lighted the lamp, and had observed exactly how

he managed. He placed the stool under the lamp. Then he took one of the large matches which were kept there for the purpose, and lighted it at his lantern. Then he mounted the stool, and stretched his little arm up as far as possible. He felt a little afraid that he was not quite tall enough to reach it; but the wick caught from the bottom, and instantly a great blazing light was illuminating all the darkness around. Walter clapped his hands for joy, and then hastened back to his mother.

Hour after hour the two watched for the coming of the husband and father, fears for his safety constantly increasing. But at last these fears were all dispelled by the sound of his well-known voice upon the beach. He had returned in safety, and the kind, good doctor was with him. His first question, when he opened the door, was, "Who lighted that lamp." When Walter told him that he lighted it, the father caught his little son in his arms, calling him a brave, noble boy, and assuring him that

he had saved the life of his father and the good doctor.

After the mother's wants had been attended to, and the father and doctor had been refreshed by a cup of tea and some food, the lamp-lighter explained to his son how he had saved his life. The storm made it so dark that he could not tell which way to steer his boat, or in what direction the island lay. They went so rapidly before the wind, that he feared they might have passed the island, and got out into the open sea. At this time he knew it was about six o'clock, and he thought of the great lamp which it was his business to light at that hour. As he thought of it, he said, "Oh, doctor, if there was any one to light our good lamp now, it would guide us home." He had hardly uttered the words, when the light from the lamp gleamed out bright and clear over the waters. It was several miles behind them. As the lamp-lighter had feared, they had passed the island, and were being driven out to sea; but guided by the light, they

brought the boat round, and reached the shore in safety. But for its timely guidance, they would have been driven a long distance out at sea before morning, and their frail boat would probably have been swallowed up by the waves. While making this noble effort in behalf of the large ships, Walter had saved the life of his own dear father.

I am sure you will say that this brave little fellow was a hero, and that his conduct exhibited courage, bravery, and intrepidity as truly as they were ever exhibited on the field of battle, or the battle-field of life. Both physical and moral courage were exhibited in the conduct of this little fellow. It was a courage excited and sustained by a high and noble motive.

Some of my readers may imagine that only those who are placed in peculiar or extraordinary circumstances have occasion for the exercise of a brave and courageous spirit. But this is a mistake. The exercise of such a spirit is often required for the proper and honorable discharge of the duties of life in its ordinary routine.

A brave spirit is often required to resist temptation, and to refuse compliance when solicited to do that which conscience condemns as wrong. To say that little word no, often requires a truly brave heart, as will be illustrated by the following anecdote: —

Several boys were playing before one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs. One of the number proposed that they should have a ride on the Circular Railway. The proposal was received with acclamation by all the boys except one. This one said, quietly, "I will go, if my mother is willing. I will run, and ask her."

"O, O! so you must run and ask your ma," said one of the group. "Great baby, run along to your ma. I did n't ask my mother."

"Nor I." "Nor I," echoed half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," said the first speaker. "Come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long

as you live. Don't you see we are all waiting for you?"

At the word coward the brow of William Hale flushed. His flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing color, showed how that word rankled in his breast. He stood in the midst of the group, with one foot advanced and his hand clenched. His voice trembled with agitation, but he said, "I will not go, without I ask my mother, and I am no coward, either. I promised her I would not go from the house without permission, and I should be a base coward, if I were to tell her a wicked lie." The noisy, thoughtless group ceased their ridicule. Even they felt the power and dignity of moral courage like this, and yielded to it an involuntary tribute of respect.

Was not this lad a brave boy? Was he not a true hero? Many a man who could march up before a cannon's mouth without a quivering nerve, has not had the courage to say no, when solicited to evil. He has violated his conscience, and trampled on his Maker's laws, because he

could not encounter scorn and ridicule. Physical courage he had; but he was destitute of the far nobler quality of moral courage.

My dear young reader, you too will need the kind of bravery this boy possessed. If you have that fear of God which is the beginning of all true wisdom, you will doubtless be called upon by duty and conscience to say no, when it will cost you a hard struggle. You will need to be a moral hero to be truly brave.

It often requires a brave spirit to confess a wrong, or an error, when duty requires such a confession. Perhaps on no point are the young more tempted to err than on this. They shrink instinctively from punishment, or even from censure. In some hour of sudden temptation they are led to the commission of a wrong act, perhaps an act of disobedience to the authority of a parent or a teacher, or some other delinquency which, if known, would expose them, if not to punishment, to blame and censure. From this they shrink, and

with this natural, involuntary shrinking comes the temptation to concealment, perhaps even to positive falsehood, a temptation to which they too often yield. To overcome this temptation, to confess the error, and bravely meet and endure the consequences, requires a brave, heroic spirit. But it is well worth the struggle it costs. The sin frankly confessed, is deprived of much of its power to vitiate the character, while sin concealed is like the hidden canker worm at the root, never failing to work great and irreparable mischief. Remember this, dear young reader, and when you have done wrong, bravely, frankly ingenuously confess your error. Emulate the example of the brave boy whose story will now be related.

A teacher had been much annoyed by whistling in his school. This breach of order became of such frequent occurrence that at last the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender. The day after this threat was issued, while the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whis-

tle broke the stillness. There was a boy in the school who had acquired a very unenviable reputation as a mischief-maker and a liar. When the teacher inquired who the delinquent was, all asserted that it was this boy. He was called up, but again and again stubbornly denied it. Such was his character, however, that his word went for very little, and he was ordered to hold out his hand for the application of the ferule.

Near the seat occupied by this boy, sat a little pale, slender fellow, not more than seven years old. He was the real culprit, and the boy of the bad name was innocent of the fault ascribed to him. But this little boy was a timid, sensitive child, possessing naturally very little physical courage, and shrinking with great dread from the punishment which he saw about to be inflicted on his more hardy, but innocent, school-fellow. It would have required much less of moral heroism for a boy of more physical courage and endurance to have stepped forward under such circum-

stances, and owned the truth. But if the little fellow had a timid and shrinking body, he had a noble and brave soul. At this critical juncture he came forward with a very decided air, though with a very pale face.

His was the clear, firm tone of a true hero, as he said, "Do not punish him, sir. I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, rubbed that out by mistake, and before I thought, whistled right out. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there, and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may ferule me, sir, as you said you should," and he held out his little hand, never doubting that he should receive the punishment.

The teacher was much affected, as he looked at the delicate child who had so resolutely conquered his natural timidity. "I would not strike you a blow for the world," he said. "You are a hero, my brave fellow. I know you have spoken the truth. You did not mean to whistle."

Do not punish him — I whistled P 36.

As the boy returned to his seat, every eye was bent admiringly upon him; for there was not one there who could not appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Incidents like the two related above are not of every day occurrence, but each day brings with it more or less occasion for the exercise of a heroic spirit. Each has a battle to fight with the numerous vexations, disappointments, vicissitudes, and trials of this mortal life, and in this conflict a brave spirit is required.

A friend or acquaintance says something calculated to irritate. The angry or reproachful answer leaps to your tongue. Do not utter it. Keep it back. Do you say, I cannot. Ah, it costs an effort, a brave, a noble effort, for he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city—better, braver, nobler. Then be brave; make the effort; conquer yourself, and say not that you have no need of a brave spirit till you have accomplished the work of self-conquest. The disappointment cheerfully borne, the sick day or sick week en-

dured without complaining; even the bro ken dish or the soiled dress met with an unruffled temper, the angry or impatient word replied to kindly and gently, the difficult lesson learned, or the untried work undertaken, — all these, and many more, mark the brave and noble spirit. They proclaim the true hero, and if done from love to God, and a desire to please and honor him, they mark the Christian hero.

The brave spirit of the true hero is continually required to meet the peculiar difficulties and overcome the temptations which the Christian meets with in his course. The true hero, when governed by Christian principles, becomes the Christian hero. The Christian, in his warfare with evil, finds abundant occasions calling into requisition every element of true heroism.

The Christian of all others needs to be a hero. This appears plainly from the Bible declaration of the nature of the Christian warfare. That declaration is, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against

powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." The Word of God does not speak lightly of the enemies the Christian has to encounter.

Probably no uninspired volume ever drew so faithful a portraiture of the Christian's course across life's narrow isthmus, as the one drawn by that inimitable work, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Here are most beautifully and faithfully sketched the difficulties, dangers, joys and sorrows of the Christian life. But Bunyan does not omit the trait of character now under consideration, in his sketch of the Christian soldier.

A large number of my readers are doubtless familiar with this beautiful allegory. To them the Wicket Gate, the House of the Interpreter, the Palace Beautiful, and the Delectable Mountains, are familiar as household words. They will recollect that

Christian was told by the man at the Wicket, that, when he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come to the house of the Interpreter, who would show him many excellent things.

When Christian came to this house, he said, "I was told by the man that stands at the gate at the head of the way, that, if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be helpful to me on my journey. So the Interpreter invited him in, and showed him many things, which he charged him to keep in his mind, that they might be as a goad in his side, to urge him on in the way he was pursuing."

After the Interpreter had taught him many useful lessons, "he took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted. He saw also upon the top thereof certain persons walking who were clothed in gold. Then said Christian, May we go in thither?

Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up towards the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the names of them that should enter in. He saw also that in the door-way stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do the man that would enter in what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, Set down my name, sir; the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put a helmet upon his head, and rush towards the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many

wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and passed forward into the palace; at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying,

> 'Come in, Come in;
> Eternal glory thou shalt win.'

So he went in and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, 'I think verily I know the meaning of this.'"

Now the dreamer of Bedford jail intended by this illustration to exhibit the Christian soldier as a brave and courageous man. Bunyan's commentator remarks on this passage, "Many desire the joys and glories of heaven who are not willing to fight the good fight of faith. We must learn to value salvation so highly as to venture or suffer the loss of all things that we may win Christ, or we shall not be able to break through the combined oppo-

sition of the world, the flesh, and the devil. If we fear any mischief that our enemies can attempt against us more than coming short of salvation, we shall certainly perish. We should therefore count our cost, and pray for courage and constancy, that we may give in our names as in earnest to win the prize; then putting on the whole armor of God, and relying on his grace, we must fight our way through with patience and resolution."

We will add to this picture of Bunyan's one drawn by an inspired pencil, sketching, in one masterly group, the character of those brave worthies who in ancient times exemplified the true and noble heroism of the Christian character. In summing up the record of Christian heroism found in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, the apostle says, "Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women

received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

To this sketch may be added the whole array of martyrs, who have since bravely endured and suffered for the truth. The story of their courage and their sufferings is probably familiar to you. Volumes have been filled with the narration of the sufferings and endurance of these heroic men and women; but the limits of this chapter will not allow us to bring forward any individual instances of Christian bravery in defence of truth.

It is possible that you, my young reader,

may think you have little to do with this subject, as there seems at present no probability that you will ever be called upon to become a Christian martyr. But you are now called upon to become a Christian disciple. Probably at this moment you either believe that you are, or confidently expect that the time will arrive that you will become one; for you do not mean to die an unbeliever. But you cannot be a true believer in Christ unless you hold yourself ready to die and suffer for him. Religion is not one thing in apostles, prophets, and martyrs, and quite another thing in the true believer of the present day. The characteristic of the true believer in every age is, that he is governed by supreme love to Christ, that he yields up all that he has to the absolute disposal of his Lord, and thus fulfils the condition, which in every age remains the same, of forsaking all for Christ. You remember Christ's words to those who, when he was on earth, professed a desire to become his disciples: "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that

forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

Now you must not for a moment suppose that this declaration applies only to the early disciples, and such of their successors as have been actually called to peril life, and relinquish worldly possessions for Christ. It has a direct and personal application to each one of us. Its plain meaning is, that every one who would be a disciple of Jesus, must yield himself, his friends, his property, and his life, to the absolute disposal of his Lord. He must say in regard to the disposal of himself, his friends, and his worldly comforts, "not my will, but thine be done." Every Christian is required to hold himself in readiness to give up any thing or every thing at the call of his Master. Those who have been persecuted for righteousness sake have often been actually called to do this.

You may ask, how can a Christian, living in more favored times, when he is not called upon to make this entire sacrifice, know that he cherishes the spirit required

of him, and virtually obeys this command of Christ to all believers? How can he know that he so in heart forsakes all for Christ as to be accepted of him as a true and sincere believer? Much light may be thrown on this point by observing the manner in which the ordinary trials of life are borne. Persecution is not the only ordeal of Christian character, the only touchstone to distinguish the precious from the vile. There is much in the discipline and trials of life to prove what manner of spirit the tried one is of. If the soul has truly submitted its all to the disposal of Jesus, when he comes and demands a part of what has been resigned to him, it will be given up without murmuring. The Christian who can give up a dearly loved child or friend, at the call of Jesus, without repining — who can see his cherished schemes blasted, his cherished hopes laid low, and yet say, "not my will, but thine be done," has reason to believe that he has sincerely given up all to the disposal of his Lord. The spirit which can cheer-

fully resign a part, a cherished part, would at the same call cheerfully resign all. The spirit which leads the Christian of the present day to endure trials with meekness, and submission, is the same spirit which has led the martyr to prison and death.

In this same spirit you may meet the daily difficulties, trials, and vicissitudes of life. The annals of earth may never record the victories of your spirit in overcoming temptation and trial, but there is an eye which will mark each one of them. When you kept back that impatient or reproachful word which it would have been so easy to utter, and which it was so hard to repress — when you endured that day of pain and suffering without murmuring— when day after day you perseveringly contended with that easily besetting sin, striving to overcome it—when you denied yourself that much wished for gratification — when with a heart almost crushed with sorrow, you said, "not my will, but thine be done;" — it might sometimes seem to you as if these brave struggles with sin

and sorrow were unheeded and unknown. But there was One who took cognizance of all, who will remember all when He says, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord."

There have been in this world fortunate and unfortunate heroes; those who have been honored and those who have been despised; but the Christian hero can never fail of receiving his reward. He will most certainly at last wear the crown of victory. Listen to the promises made to him by his Lord and King: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." "Him that overcometh, will I

make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

Youthful reader, would you not be a Christian hero? Taking the Word of God for your light and guide, will you not seek to shed abroad the light of truth over some dark place of the earth? Will you, in this blessed cause, be less brave and heroic than was the lamp-lighter's son?

## CHAPTER III.

### FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE has been defined as that strength or firmness of mind or soul which enables a person to encounter danger with coolness and courage, or to bear pain or adversity without murmuring, depression, or despondency. It is defined as the *basis* of genuine courage or intrepidity in danger, of patience in suffering, of forbearance under injuries. We know not where to find a better exemplification of this trait of character than that supplied by the story of the Countess of Nithsdale.

In 1712, George I. was proclaimed King of England. There was at this time another who laid claim to the throne, whom history has usually styled the Pretender. This claimant was a son of King James II., who fled from his throne and kingdom

upon the approach of the army of his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange. During the reign of George I., the Pretender found many partisans among the nobility of Scotland, and several attempts were made to place him upon the throne. These attemps all failed, and the rebellions in favor of the House of Stuart were very disastrous to all those who took a part in them.

One of these rebellions was in 1715. Several distinguished noblemen were engaged in it. As the attempt was unsuccessful, these noblemen were taken prisoners, and confined in the Tower of London. Among them was the Earl of Nithsdale.

When the Countess of Nithsdale first heard of the defeat of the cause espoused by her husband, and of the imprisonment of the Earl, she was with her son, at their seat in Scotland. To reach her husband, more than three hundred miles must be travelled, in the dead of winter. A deep snow fell about the time she commenced her journey. It was impossible to pro-

ceed in her coach, and all public conveyances were detained by the storm, and by the state of the roads. There was but one way in which it was possible for her to proceed. She must make the whole journey of three hundred miles on horseback, in that inclement season, or she must relinquish the hope of seeing her husband, who would soon be sentenced to execution. It was a serious alternative for a woman bred in ease and luxury, and all unused to any hardship or exposure. But the noble Countess possessed that true fortitude of soul which enabled her to encounter danger and hardship with coolness and courage. She proceeded on horseback, and reached London in the shortest possible space of time, and having obtained admittance to the Tower, she had an affecting interview with her husband.

The very next day she set about the work of obtaining her husband's pardon. She met with discouragements on every side. First, her husband assured her that there was no hope of pardon. He told

her, that the rising in favor of their Prince had been too serious to be lightly treated, and that no mercy would be extended to those engaged in it.

But the faithful wife refused to take this view of the case. She argued, that her husband had taken up arms in what he thought a just cause, and that the King should not punish with death those whose only offence had been fidelity to the son of one who had sat on the throne of Great Britain, its acknowledged sovereign. She called on several of her friends in London to enlist them in her cause. She found a most ready and cordial sympathy, but very little encouragement. It was quite evident that it was regarded by all as a desperate case. Several noblemen were confined in the Tower, and great efforts had already been made to procure the pardon of some of them; but in vain. One of them was quite young, and there were many extenuating circumstances in his case which had excited a deep interest in his behalf, and great exertions to obtain

his pardon. But these efforts had all been fruitless. The King was inexorable. Under these circumstances the friends of the Countess, much as they commiserated her misfortunes, felt that they could hold out to her little hope of success.

Had this lady possessed less fortitude of spirit, she must have sunk under these numerous discouragements, and given herself up to unavailing grief. But instead of this, she adhered to the resolution to use every exertion to procure the remission of the sentence against her husband. She wrote and dispatched petition after petition and letter after letter, pleading her cause with the most touching eloquence. She also visited the lobby of the House of Lords to interest some of its members to intercede for the pardon of her husband. But she met with no success, and at last, on the 23d of February, the order was given that the Earl of Nithsdale and two others should be executed on the following morning.

But even under this terrible blow the

brave Countess did not sink. She hastened to the Earl, who received her with the sad impression that she had come to be with him during his last hours on earth. But far other thoughts were cherished by the faithful wife. She assumed an air of cheerful hope, and assured the prisoner that she had no thought of coming to take her leave of him. She then proceeded to inform him that she had formed a plan for his escape, which she felt confident would be successful, if executed with courage and prudence.

The Earl was at first reluctant to listen to the proposal. He considered it very hazardous, and besides, he argued that there would be something like dishonor in thus making his escape. But his wife urged that there could be no dishonor in escaping from an unjust and shameful death, and that even the King and his ministers would not in reality regret that one life less was sacrificed, and at last she overcome all his scruples, and obtained his consent to the plan, which was that he

should escape in disguise, clad in woman's clothes.

The Countess revealed her plan to a faithful female servant, and two female friends, whom she pursuaded to assist her. As it drew near evening she sent for a hackney coach, and drove to the Tower with her three female attendants. During the drive she talked incessantly, resolved not to give her companions time to think of the personal danger they might be incurring.

The Countess was allowed to take only one attendant at a time into the room of the prisoner. Mrs. Mills, the one whom the Earl was to personate, went up the stairs, holding her handkerchief up to her face as if she were crying. This ruse was practised that the Earl might conceal his features in the same way on going out. In the ante-chamber were the guards, with their wives and daughters, and several other people. These, especially the females, seemed to pity the Countess very much as she passed and repassed with her attendants. On various pretexts she contrived

to pass through the ante-chamber in this way several times. This she did that the guards might not observe that one more left the chamber than had entered it.

The Earl's hair and eye brows were very dark, while Mrs. Mills was inclined to be sandy. The Countess was therefore obliged to put a wig on him, and paint his face with rouge and white paint. She then dressed him in the hood and cloak which Mrs. Mills had worn in, while that lady assumed the garments which had been previously left in the room by the first attendant introduced by the Countess. When the disguise was completed, the prisoner certainly looked very unlike the brave Earl of Nithsdale.

This arrangement effected, the Countess went with Mrs. Mills to the stair-case, and there dismissed her with a message to her maid, designed for the ears of the guards.

But now the most trying moment had arrived. It was growing dark, and the Countess must escape with her husband before the candles were lighted. Taking

the Earl by the hand, with a beating heart, but firm step, she led him to the staircase. The guards looked at them as they passed through the ante-chamber, but as the Earl held his handkerchief to his face, they thought him the lady who had come in crying. As they passed down the stairs, she went close behind the Earl, that the sentinel might not observe his walk. At the bottom she confided him to the faithful servant, by whom he was at once conducted to a place of safety.

She then returned to the deserted room, where she spent some time in a feigned conversation with the Earl, answering her own questions in a voice as much like his as she could feign. As soon as she thought the Earl was quite safe outside the Tower, she prepared to leave also, and soon joined her husband in the little room where he was concealed. The next day Mrs. Mills visited them, bringing in her pocket some bread and wine. After being concealed for a time in the city, the Earl made his escape in disguise to France, where he was afterwards joined by his wife.

This story is a striking example of fortitude of soul, inspired by deep conjugal love, leading to brave and heroic action. The same fortitude inspired and sustained by love to God, is Christian fortitude, the basis of Christian bravery and courage. Often has the delicate and shrinking female, upheld by Christian fortitude, met the most appalling sufferings with the most heroic endurance. One example will be selected from the annals of the Scotch Covenanters.

Among those persecuted in Scotland during the latter part of the seventeenth century, for their adherence to the faith of the Dissenters, were three young girls, daughters of a wealthy farmer in Wigtonshire. The elder, Margaret, was eighteen; the younger, Agnes, was scarce twelve. They were compelled literally to forsake all for Christ, to leave their father's house, and hide from the fire and sword of persecution. Not only were they forced to leave father, and mother, and home, but they were also obliged to fly from the habitations of men, which could afford them no

Heroism of Grace Darling.

safe shelter from the fury of their persecutors.

In winter they concealed themselves in the caves and ravines of the mountains, spending long days and nights exposed to the inclemency of the season. In the summer they wandered homeless in the swamps and marshes, which afforded them protection, because their persecutors were kept from the vicinity for fear of the deadly exhalations. Here they suffered intensely from the scorching heat as in winter they had done from the severe cold.

At last, during a suspension of the pitiless persecution, they found refuge in the home of a pious widow, who, with Christian and motherly love and care, cherished and encouraged the homeless and almost heart-broken wanderers.

But the respite was short. Their refuge was invaded, and they and their generous benefactor were thrown into a loathsome prison, without even the shadow of a trial. Here they were treated with the utmost rigor, and compelled to stretch their weary

limbs at night on the bare stone floor, though the weather was severely cold. No fire was allowed them by day, and the supply of food was insufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

Release was offered them on condition of signing a document presented to them which denied the peculiar doctrines of their faith. But they remained firm, even amid the severity of their sufferings. The father was at last able to save the life of Agnes by the payment of one hundred pounds, but no entreaties or bribes on his part could save the elder.

The Wigton beach was chosen as the scene of the martyrdom. Two heavy stakes were driven into the beach, half way between high and low water mark. To the outer of these stakes the aged female was bound, while Margaret was fastened to that nearest the shore, in such a position as would compel her to be a witness to the death of her friend. The amphitheatre of shores, rocks, and the country around, was crowded with an eager, clamorous ex-

ulting multitude of spectators. On their way to execution the victims were guarded by a band of soldiers. Slowly but surely the surging billows approached, each succeeding wave rising higher and higher, and soon the poor widow was buried beneath the waters.

The young girl was now unbound and brought once more to the shore, and again was offered life and freedom on condition of taking the oath of abjuration. But she was faithful even to the end. Again was she bound to the stake. The shout of the rabble died away, and now all were gazing in deep silence. In the hush her clear, firm voice rose distinctly above the roar of the advancing waves, as she commenced repeating that triumphant chapter, the 8th of Romans, — "There is therefore now no condemnation to those which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Stronger and more triumphant grew the tones of the heroic martyr, till she reached the exultant close of the chapter. "Nay, in all things we

are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." While the multitude listened and gazed the advancing water closed the scene. In after years a small monument was erected to these martyrs in the church-yard of Wigton.

These extreme cases are given, to show what fortitude has enabled the human will to do, and the human heart to suffer. But the youthful reader must not fall into the mistake of supposing that all do not need fortitude, because few are placed in the trying circumstances of the brave Countess, or in the position of the youthful martyr of Wigton beach. A writer has very justly remarked, "Very few of us need the courage which would face death and carry us to martyrdom. We need a

thousand times more those Christian virtues which will keep us from being irritable before breakfast; which will make us patient when some one treads upon a corn; which will quell pride upon petty provocations; that will make us attentive to the feelings of the poor and humble; which will arm us with fortitude against the little frets and bickers of domestic life; or make us kind and forbearing with men that seem harsh and unfair in their dealings with us. Indeed, if we choose to think so, daily life is a martyrdom, and cares and annoyances are the slivers and faggots heaped about us for torment. Weariness, discouragements, irritations, disputes, misunderstandings, mean pride and meaner vanity — these are the rabble rout that gather about the victim to help to immolate him. In our day, no doubt, it requires more grace for some men to be good natured — simply and evenly good natured—than it required in some old martyrs to be burnt at the stake. There are coals hotter than any which come from wood. There is smoke

more suffocating than any which faggots make."

Sometimes those trials which are the least noted by others are the most difficult to bear. It often requires much fortitude to bear patiently these hidden sorrows. Sometimes they are such as a delicate and sensitive spirit would shrink from revealing even to the dearest of earthly friends. Often they are of such a nature that to speak of them would be but to subject the tried one to a misapprehension or want of appreciation, which would add a new weight to the already heavy burdened spirit. Such hidden trials often call for a large measure of fortitude, that underneath their pressure the tried one may in patience possess his soul.

Again, long-continued trials call for the exercise of Christian fortitude. When one is overtaken by some great or sudden calamity, friends and neighbors gather around to offer sympathy and aid; but if the trial is long-continued, this support and consolation is too often to a greater

or less degree withdrawn. The stroke of death suddenly takes away a husband and father, and leaves a frail and delicate woman to struggle alone with this cold world, and provide, as best she may, for her own wants, and those of her helpless, fatherless children. At first, sympathy and aid are freely proffered by those whose sympathies have been aroused by the sorrow and destitution of the stricken one. But months and years pass on; new cases of sorrow and bereavement attract the public sympathy; and the poor widow, in her wants and struggles, is well nigh forgotten. The blasts of winter howl as drearily about her dwelling as ever; the burden she must sustain is no lighter; the wound in her heart is not healed, and added to this she feels that the weight of all must now be borne with but little of human sympathy. Seldom now is she cheered by a word of kindness or an expression of sympathy. Does she not need Christian fortitude?

Again, sickness lays its wasting hand

upon one who has ever been active in the duties and enjoyments of life. These active duties are exchanged for the solitary chamber of weariness and pain. For a time the invalid is cheered by the frequent inquiries and kind remembrances of friends and neighbors. But months, and it may be years, pass away, leaving the invalid still in his sick room. How seldom is he thought of now. The busy, active, bustling world passes on, nearly or quite forgetful of the poor invalid whose face has been so long absent from life's busy scenes. But is the almost sleepless, weary night any easier to bear, because many such have preceded it? Is that excruciating paroxysm of pain any less excruciating, because a frequent visitor? Does not the poor sufferer, who, if he would honor his Master, must not *forget* to be patient, submissive, and resigned, even though *forgotten* by all the world, need a share of Christian fortitude not inferior to the Christian martyr, who through one short portal of suffering enters the City of everlasting rest?

Long-continued struggles with temptation and sin, also require no small degree of Christian fortitude. When the young convert sets out in his Christian course, especially if it be during a season of unusual religious interest, he finds many ready to aid and cheer him. But time wears on, struggles and conflicts increase, the battle grows more fierce, and yet it may be that months, or even years, pass, and not one kind inquiry is made as to his progress in that long, long struggle with the sin and evil of his own heart, on which his all of eternal happiness depends. While the life of the Christian has its peculiar joys, it has its peculiar trials too. To meet these trials and struggles, often known only to the believer and his God, you, dear youthful Christian, will have need of Christian fortitude.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PATIENCE.

THERE are many, who, looking upon some great work of art or achievement of science, regard it as a kind of magic production. The idea of toil, of difficulty, of patience, hardly enters the mind more than it would, were they looking upon some giant oak of the forest. They do not suppose that the work of art grew exactly like the oak, but they seem to think that it was elaborated by some magic or mysterious process with which patience or pains-taking had not much more do than with the growth of the oak. But oftentimes the work before them would present quite another aspect, could they know the secret history of that production, and the private personal history of its author. It would seem to be written all over with the words, patience, perseverance, toil, endurance.

A few years since many in our cities viewed with admiration and delight the great panorama of the Mississippi, three miles long, painted by Mr. Banvard; yet probably many who looked upon it never bestowed a thought upon the patience and endurance required for its execution.

When the idea of painting this panorama was first entertained by the artist, he was a mere lad, quite destitute of any facilities for the work. He had no money, neither had he any friends who were able to assist him, or any means of perfecting himself in the art, except such as he could pick up here and there.

At the age of fifteen John Banvard left his home in New York to seek his fortune in the wide world. He first made his way to Kentucky, and entered an apothecary's shop. But he soon showed the bent of his mind by drawing portraits with chalk on the wall, instead of making up prescriptions, for which he was dismissed from his situation.

From that time he turned his attention

to painting. He tried his fortune in New Orleans, Natchez, Cincinnati, and Louisville, and made some money. He afterwards removed to St. Louis, where he lost all his previous earnings. He was not, however, discouraged. After encountering numerous difficulties and discouragements, he at last managed to gain the sum of three thousand dollars, which hard earned capital he determined to invest in his favorite project of painting the panorama of the Mississippi.

He commenced the onerous undertaking in the spring of 1840, actuated by the noble ambition to produce for his native city a painting larger than had ever been exhibited, which should faithfully represent the entire extent of the scenery of the Father of Waters. The first step, of course, was to make the necessary drawings. This was a very arduous and protracted undertaking. He must travel thousands of miles in an open boat, crossing and recrossing the river to select the best points from which to take his sketches. Alone

in his little boat, with the implements of his art around him, he passed weeks together without speaking to a human being. His only companion was his rifle, and with this, he provided for himself meat from the game of the woods and the fowls of the river.

All day he would employ himself in executing his sketches, or in crossing and recrossing the river, often two miles in width, to select the proper points from which to take them. When overtaken by night, he would choose some secluded cove for his dormitory, draw his boat out of the water, and, with his trusty rifle, repair to the woods, which were his pantry and larder. Having killed his game, he would return to dress and cook it, and with a fallen log for his table, would make his evening repast. After this he would roll himself in his blanket, and taking his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, would creep under his boat for protection from the night dews. Sometimes, during a storm, he would fear that the banks of the river might cave in upon

him if he slept under his boat, and he was therefore compelled to leave its shelter, and sit all night on a log, while the rain poured down on his unprotected head.

Four hundred days and nights were spent in this way, and his little skiff was pulled more than two thousand miles, while making the necessary drawings for his great painting. His hands became hardened from constantly plying the oar, and his skin was as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun, and all the changes of weather and climate.

When his drawings were completed, he erected a building in Louisville, Kentucky, in which to transfer them to the canvass. Nearly all the pilots and captains familiar with the river, testified to the faithfulness and correctness of the sketches he had taken. At last the three miles of picture was finished and ready for exhibition. When first it was opened, not a single person thought it worth the trouble to visit it. The weather was unpropitious, and the artist seemed in a fair way to make a very

bad beginning, after his years of patient toil. But the tide soon turned. Banvard's panorama was visited by thousands in different cities, and at last brought fame and wealth to the patient and persevering artist, adding another to the many thousand instances which teach the value and necessity of patience in the prosecution of any important enterprise.

We justly admire and appreciate such examples of patience and perseverance in the prosecution of any laudable object of worldly ambition. We feel that patience is an indispensable element in the character of the true hero. Is it any less an indispensable element in the character of the Christian hero? This question finds a direct answer in the word of God. "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promises." In our Lord's parable of the sower, he describes that class who alone profit by the hearing of the gospel, as, "They who bring forth fruit with patience." And again, his command to his disciples is, "In

your patience possess ye your souls." The apostle Paul prays for the church at Colossa, that they might be "strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power; to all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness." In another epistle his exhortation to believers is, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." In the epistle of James we read of the excellency of this grace. Here it is spoken of as if the perfecting of it was the perfecting of the whole Christian character. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

The Christian has need of patience that he may meet the various trials and discouragements which may and will beset his path. But he has special need of this grace, because the reward of his labors, the consummation of his hopes, that for which he toils and labors, and bears the burden

and heat of the day, lies in — what seems to the eye of sense — the far-off distance. Hope is, in every human breast, the moving spring of action. The man of the world is incited to action by the hope of gaining certain objects which he expects soon to grasp. But the realization of the Christian's hope is farther distant. It lies beyond the boundaries of the present life, and therefore he has the more need of patience, that he may wait for the fruition of his hopes. "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

This subject is beautifully illustrated in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. It is one of the lessons received by Christian at the house of the Interpreter. "I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and led him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, 'What is the reason of the

discontent of Passion?' The Interpreter answered, 'The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year, but he will have all now; but Patience is willing to wait.'

"Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal, laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but awhile, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

"Then said Christian to the Interpreter, 'Expound the matter more fully to me.'

"So he said, 'These two lads are figures, Passion of the men of this world, and Patience of the men of that which is to come; for, as here thou seest, Passion will have all now, this year, that is to say, in this world, so are the men of this world; they must have all their good things now: they cannot stay till the next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' is of more authority with

them, than are all the Divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags, so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.'

"Then said Christian, 'Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts: 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags.'

"Nay, you may add another," said the Interpreter; "to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out, but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things at first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he has his best things last; for first must give place to last, because last must have his time to come; but last gives place to nothing, for there is not another to succeed. He therefore, that has his portion first, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that

hath his portion last, must have it lastingly; therefore, it is said of Dives, 'In thy lifetime thou receivedest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.'"

Shall the man who seeks only worldly honors, so patiently meet and overcome every obstacle which lies in his path, and shall not the Christian patiently endure the trials and difficulties of his lot, while waiting for the promised inheritance which shall endure forever, that eternal life which is promised to patient continuance in well doing. You, my youthful reader, need the grace of Christian patience. It will save you from eagerly grasping at present gratification, at the sacrifice of an infinitely greater future good. It will help you to bear the lesser ills of life without being chafed and fretted by them, and it will enable you to glorify God in great trials, by patient submission to his holy will.

The Christian has need of patience to do, to wait and to suffer. He has need of it for active toil, and still more need of it for pas-

sive endurance, for it is often much easier to do than to suffer the will of God. One example of patience in suffering shall close this chapter.

An English clergyman was invited by a benevolent parishioner to visit an indigent and deeply afflicted man in the neighborhood, well known to the latter. In compliance with this invitation, he sought the cottage of the poor man. On entering it, he found him alone, his wife having gone out to procure some necessaries. The minister was greatly startled and deeply moved by the scene that met his eye. The man was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having been in this situation more than four years. He was pale, emaciated, almost a living image of the Grim Tyrant himself. His visitor found him fastened upright in his chair by a curious but very rude piece of mechanism of cords and belts hanging down from the ceiling.

"Are you left alone, in this deplorable condition, my friend?" inquired the minister. The poor man could only move his

lips and eyes as he replied in a feeble tone, but touchingly expressive of mild resignation, "No, sir, I am not alone, for God is with me."

As the clergyman drew near, he found on his knees a Bible, propped with a cushion, and open at one of the Psalms of David. The poor man's wife had left it open before him to be his companion during her absence. In addition to this trying helplessness he all the time suffered extreme anguish from swellings in his joints, yet not one murmuring word escaped him, not one sign of impatience at his great suffering and his entire helplessness. He was calm, patient and trustful.

During the conversation the visitor learned that their only certain dependence was the small pittance of seven shillings a week, and on asking how the balance of their necessities were supplied, he received this answer: —"Why, sir, it is true, as you say, that seven shillings a week would never support us; but, when it is gone, I rely upon the promises I find in this book.

'Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure;' and I have never been disappointed yet, and I am sure I never shall so long as God is faithful to his word."

When asked if he never felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so heavy and long-continued a calamity, his reply was, "Not for the last three years, and blessed be God for it; for I have learned in this book, in whom to believe; and, though I am sensible of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that He will not leave nor forsake me. When my lips are closed, as they often are with locked-jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me to sing his praises in my heart." As the poor man said this, his face was lighted up, and his eye sparkled with the triumphant joy of faith, and of peace and trust in God. The clergyman who witnessed this fiery trial, and triumphant victory, and perfect work of patience, was so affected by it, that in relating what he had seen, he said, "Gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the same cottage, gladly would I languish in the same

chair, could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God, and be always filled with the same strong consolation, and glorify God by the same patient suffering."

## CHAPTER V.

### PERSEVERANCE.

About three years after the Declaration of Independence, in the summer of 1779, Major General Wadsworth was appointed to the command of an army in the State of Maine. He was a brave officer, and his enterprises in that region, during these perilous times, elicited the admiration, not only of friends, but also of enemies. In February, 1780, his services being no longer required, he dismissed his troops and prepared to return to his home in Boston. A Tory residing in the neighborhood gave intelligence of his movements to the commander of a British fort in the vicinity, and assured that officer that the General might easily be made prisoner, as he had sent away his troops.

A small body of soldiers with several of-

ficers, were at once embarked on board a vessel which, in the darkness of night, landed at an inlet about four miles from the General's quarters. At midnight the party proceeded to the General's house. The nature of the ground was favorable, and served to conceal them until they had reached the house. The General's family were with him, and were, of course, much alarmed by such an assault at dead of night; but none of them were injured, except the General himself, whose arm was broken by a ball, fired from a division of the party which had made its way to the kitchen. The General made all the resistance that a brave man could do, but after his arm was broken, the contest was soon terminated.

The British fort to which the General was conveyed, was situated on a small peninsula, which was connected with the main land on the west by a sandy beach. The fort stood in the middle of the peninsula. General Wadsworth was confined in a grated room in the officers' barracks. After he had been confined in the fort a number

of weeks, his solitude was enlivened by a companion. A brave major, by the name of Burton, was taken prisoner, and lodged in the same room with the general.

There was often an exchange of prisoners during the war. When an American officer was taken prisoner, he would be exchanged for some British officer in the hands of the Americans, and thus returned to his family and friends. General Wadsworth hoped that such an exchange would be effected in his case. But a short time before he was joined by Major Burton, he received an intimation that he would not be exchanged, but would be sent to England. When the Major joined him he assured him of the truth of this intelligence, and in a few days they learned that he, too, was to be sent to England. The two prisoners talked the matter over together. The idea was, of course, very unpleasant to both. The General was a husband and a father, and the thought of such a prolonged separation from his family would have been very painful, even if there

had not been added to it the prospect of a continuation of the loss of that liberty so dear to every true and brave man. Burton also, was bound to his native land by similar family ties. They were informed that they were to be conveyed to England by a privateer which was then absent on a cruise, but was expected shortly to return.

As the two prisoners conversed of their situation and prospects, they resolved that they would not go to England if they could help it. Of course the only way to help it was to escape from their prison; but this seemed almost impossible, and would not have been thought of except by two brave men. It was no easy matter to effect an escape from the room in which they were confined, but even if this could be done, many difficulties and dangers still remained. The walls of the fort were twenty feet high, surrounded by a deep ditch, and guarded on the top by a fraise. A fraise consists of pointed stakes driven into a wall in a horizontal or inclined position. Similar stakes, pointed with iron, were also placed lower in the wall, and

sentinels were thickly stationed in every place which it was thought necessary to guard.

But the brave officers were not discouraged by all these difficulties. The first thing was to plan some way of escape from the room where they were confined. This room was ceiled with boards. They determined to remove one of these boards, that they might creep through the opening thus made to the outside of the room. There they meant to crawl along on one of the joists to which these boards were nailed until they passed over the room next their own, which belonged to the officers, and had come to what was called the middle entry; then there plan was to let themselves down into this entry by means of a blanket, which they were to take with them. The night succeeding the maturing of this scheme, after the sentinels had seen them safe in bed, General Wadsworth arose and attempted to remove the boards by means of a knife; but the plan did not work at all. In the first place, the board could not be moved in this

way without too much noise, and in the second place, it would take quite too long; morning would come before it was done, and then their attempt would certainly be discovered. It was therefore necessary that their plan should be changed.

The next day they contrived to get a gimlet without exciting suspicion, and the following night the gimlet was tried; but this, too, in the stillness of night made too much noise. They next decided to try the gimlet in the day time. To use it in broad day light was a bold scheme. The door of their room had a glass window in it, and two sentinels were constantly walking the entry, passing this door every minute or two, and besides this, their servants, and the officers of the fort might enter the room at any time. Yet, in the face of all these obstacles, they contrived to carry out their plan.

The thing was managed in this way. The sentinels paced the entry regularly backwards and forwards. This entry was twice the length of the room occupied by

the prisoners. The prisoners therefore commenced pacing their room at the same time, taking care to pass the glass door at the same instant that the sentinels did. But as the sentinels had to go twice as far as the prisoners, this left the latter a little spare time, during which one of them was engaged with the gimlet, being always careful to join his companion in his walk as the sentinels came opposite the glass door. Of course they made very slow progress in this way. It took three weeks to bore a sufficient number of holes around the board they wished to remove. The small spaces between the holes were cut out with a knife. A space was left in each corner to hold the board in its place until all was ready for its removal. The holes were in the meantime concealed by being filled with a paste made of chewed bread, which much resembled the color of the board, and the floor was carefully kept clear of the dust, which would have betrayed them. In this way they persevered for three long weeks, notwithstanding the discouraging slowness of the operation, and the constant care necessary to avoid detection.

At last the board was ready for removal; but then they must wait for a stormy night, for it would not do to attempt to escape in a still, clear night. They must necessarily make considerable noise in cutting through the corners left to keep the board in its place, and in getting themselves through the aperture, and they trusted to the din of the elements in a dark and stormy night to drown the noise they made. They had to wait a whole week for such a night, and the delay was rendered very trying by the constant fear that the privateer would return, and they be put on board before the escape could be made.

But the night so long wished for at last came. It required an hour to cut through the corners of the board, and it was not done without a good deal of noise; but this was drowned by the torrents of rain which poured incessantly on the roof of the building. Burton was a large man, and found a good deal of difficulty in crowding himself through the space thus opened. The General was smaller, but the weakness of his

arm which had been broken on the night of his capture, made it quite as difficult for him to get through as for the Major. Both, however, succeeded at last.

The General gained the middle entry, and passed round to the west side of the building, feeling his way directly under the eaves, lest in the dark he should stumble on some of the sentinels. He had just reached the place where he and Burton had agreed to cross the wall, when the guard-house door on the opposite side of the fort was thrown open, and he heard the words, "Relief, turn out." It was the hour when the guard were changed, and the General was in the greatest danger of being run over by some of them, as they passed around on the top of the wall. To avoid this he got himself and his wet blanket upon the fraising, which was the outer margin of the wall.

After the guard had passed, he fastened one corner of his blanket around a picket of the fraising, and let himself down as near the ground as the length of the blanket would allow, then, letting go his hold, he

fell without injury. He at last succeeded in clearing himself from all the works connected with the fort, and gained the open field, where his progress was unobstructed. In the darkness and fright he and Burton had failed to meet at any of the places they had agreed upon, so the General was forced to go on his way quite ignorant of the fate of his companion. He crossed the cove without difficulty, as it was low water, and at two in the morning found himself a mile and a half from the fort. At sunrise he had reached the eastern shore of the Penobscot. There was still another danger to be feared. He might be followed and tracked by the bloodhounds kept at the fort. He therefore kept so near the water as to have his steps washed by the tide, that he might not be tracked.

At last he reached a point where it was necessary to cross the river. Happily he found a canoe there, and while resting on the bank, and drying his clothes, he was, to his great joy, joined by his friend Burton. After crossing the river they left it, and by

the aid of a compass, made their way through a pathless forest to the head of St. George's river. At the end of the third day, sore, lame, and exhausted, they reached the friendly settlement towards which they had bent their steps, and were received by the inhabitants with the strongest expressions of joy. The people formed themselves into a guard, for their protection from the British, who were lurking around. In this way they were conducted to an inn, not far from the place where the general was taken prisoner. Burton soon reached his family. General Wadsworth set out for Portland from whence he sailed to Boston, where he too joined his family. Thus was the heroic perseverance of the brave men rewarded.

Perseverance must certainly be reckoned as one of the qualities of a truly heroic character. It is not enough to be able to project some great enterprise, or some perilous undertaking. Perseverance is often the crowning virtue, and that which more than anything else ensures success. What if these men after working a few days at

the gimlet process, had given up in despair, arguing that they could never effect their object in the short intervals of time when they could escape the watchful eye of their sentinels?

If you inquire into the character and habits of those who have been eminently succesful in life, you will usually find that they have possessed the trait of perseverance in a remarkable degree. In many cases it is this which has chiefly distinguished them from their fellows, whom they have left far behind. Even genius and rich natural endowments cannot dispense with the aid of this invaluable auxiliary. Without it they will fail to rise superior to the obstacles which beset the path even of the most favored, and will probably live and die unknown and unappreciated. There is no point on which the young are more liable to fail. In the ardor of youthful hope and expectation, they are often eager to enter upon any path which may open to them, but they have not the perseverance to press steadily onward, when

they meet with difficulties, and encounter obstacles. Of the ten who in the ardor of youth start for some coveted goal, nine fail to reach it. Many suppose it is some favorable evolution in fortune's wheel which has raised the one to the coveted eminence, that the nine have failed to gain. But in a majority of cases, a thorough examination of facts would show that the secret lay in the steady, unflinching perseverance of the successful one.

Perseverance, you will perceive, is near akin to patience. The patient spirit is usually the persevering spirit. They are twin sisters, in some points hardly distinguishable. Indeed, you have doubtless not failed to observe how near akin are many of the qualities which form the character of the true hero; how they blend and harmonize.

Let us now inquire if the Christian hero needs to be armed with the invulnerable weapon of perseverance. In every case where the reward to be secured by arduous and long-continued effort is distant, the

necessity for the exercise of perseverance is greatly increased. The young man who enters on a course in which he knows that he must labor and wait long years for the reward of his toils, has need to be armed with perseverance at every point. Many can work for a present reward who have not the perseverance to work, and wait for a distant one. But we saw in the last chapter that the fruition of the Christian's hope lies in the distant future. He has indeed his present joys and pleasures, joys and pleasures peculiar to himself; but these are only as cordials by the way to relieve the worn traveller. Often would his spirit faint, if he had not respect unto the recompense of reward, which lies beyond the boundaries of time. Says the great apostle "For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? but if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." Under these circumstances, the Christian has great need of perseverance, and it is because he has

such need of it that there are so many exhortations to it in the Word of God. "Eternal life" is promised to those "who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality." "The just shall live by faith, but, if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." "But he that endureth to the end shall be saved." "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

The occasions for the exercise of perseverance in the Christian life are numberless. But we would close this chapter by directing the special attention of the youthful reader to one single point, which is too often overlooked or neglected. The exercise of perseverance is constantly demanded in the great and arduous Christian duty of correcting and overcoming faults of natural character and disposition.

Every one has faults to be corrected, which mar his character or hinder his usefulness. Now the kind of effort which is

required to overcome these faults, in some respects resembles the mode of operation adopted by the prisoners in making their escape. It would have been quite congenial to the feelings of the general and his companion to have taken a hand saw, and removed at once the board which separated them from liberty. This would have been vastly more agreeable than the slow, three weeks' process of preparing for its removal, by making one gimlet hole at a time. But as the former method was entirely impracticable, it was certainly wise in them to adopt the latter, and persevere therein until the work was accomplished.

Now when we find some serious fault, such as a hasty temper, indolence, or self-will, standing out as a repulsive moral excresence, marring our characters, and occasioning to us and our friends much uneasiness, if we could find some moral remedy which would remove the excresence at once, something as a hand saw would remove a useless and misshapen limb from a tree, it would certainly be

very agreeable. Many try to rid themselves of their faults in a way much resembling this. They try to overcome them by one mighty and desperate effort. But the fact is, that the only practicable way of removing such faults much more resembles the method which the prisoners in the British fort were compelled to adopt, and this is one reason why so many never overcome their faults. If they could use the saw, or, in other words, if they could do the work up in a day, even though it might be a very hard day's work, they would be quite willing to undertake it; but they cannot persevere in the tedious work of making one little perforation at a time.

For illustration, suppose the fault is that of an irritable temper. No sudden or violent effort, however vigorous, can overcome this fault. The work must be accomplished by a slow and laborious progress. Each individual instance in which a temptation to anger is resisted, may be compared to one of the perforations made by the gimlet. If such an effort is made regularly

and systematically, and persevered in, the work will at last be accomplished. How many never try to overcome their faults in this way. They make a desperate effort now and then, at long intervals, but not succeeding, give up in despair.

Now, my young friends, be wiser than they. Do not despise the gimlet. Be content to make one little hole at a time, and persevere in making them till the work is accomplished. Perhaps you rise in the morning, determined to watch against some fault to which you are greatly inclined. But your success is only partial. You have resisted temptation in several instances, but in one or two cases have yielded to it. On taking a review of the whole at night, you are ready to say that the effort has been an entire failure. But this is a hasty and incorrect conclusion. The truth is, you were calculating to use the saw instead of the gimlet, and therefore you are inclined to overlook the real progress which has been made, because it is small, and seems to you insignificant. Every instance in

which you have overcome temptation during the day, may be regarded as equivalent to one perforation with the gimlet, and therefore, notwithstanding the failures, real progress has been made, though it is small. All that is required, to ensure final success, is perseverance, with such helps as are freely offered by the Word and grace of God. Many say they cannot overcome certain faults, who never systematically and perseveringly tried for even three weeks at a time to overcome them, by meeting resolutely and singly each temptation as it occurred. They despise the gimlet holes, and therefore the board will never be removed.

Remember that faults are not overcome by a single blow, but by a long succession of separate, single efforts, each one of which may seem in itself insignificant. You say such a course requires great perseverance. True, and therefore it is that the Christian has need of perseverance. He must not say of any fault or sin, that he cannot overcome it; for this is to admit that he is the

slave of that sin, or in bondage to it. "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin to death, or of obedience unto righteousness." "Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought into bondage." But the Christian must not yield himself the servant of sin. He must be the Christian hero, and bravely enter upon the conflict with it in every form. He must meet each temptation as it arises, and, in the strength of the grace of God, seek to overcome it. It is not by one struggle that he can overcome his powerful enemy, but by a long series of struggles. He must be not only watchful and patient, but persevering, and at last he shall conquer.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FAITHFULNESS.

HENRY the Fifth, of England, was a monarch much beloved by his subjects. He was a wise, just and brave prince, and his memory is deservedly cherished by the English. In his youth, however, he was somewhat wild and dissolute, and at one time he carried his excesses so far as to obtain the name of Madcap Henry. During this period some of his wild associates were brought before the chief justice to answer for improper conduct. This displeased the young prince very much, and he so far forgot himself, and trusted to his high position for impunity, that he behaved in a very insolent and violent manner, and even went so far as to draw his sword upon the Lord Chief Justice. But his lordship did not forget the dignity of his office, or the majesty of

the laws of which he was the executor. He immediately ordered that the young prince should be committed to prison with his companions.

Now a person in his station, had he been of an ungenerous and ignoble spirit, would have resented this, and perhaps have cherished that resentment through long years; but it was not so with the young prince Henry. A little reflection was sufficient to show him the impropriety of his conduct, and the justice, fidelity and dignity of the course pursued by the judge. He submitted to his sentence, and suffered himself to be led to prison without one complaint, thus giving promise, even amid the thoughtless follies of youth, of that just and noble spirit which afterwards made him so loved and revered. Some would not believe but that he cherished a secret resentment, and when he became king would degrade the judge from office. But he did no such thing. He continued him and his faithful associates in office, consulting them on all occasions, and dismissing his wild associates.

It is not, however, King Henry, but one of his brave and faithful servants who is to be the hero of this story, and this incident has been given simply to illustrate the character of the prince who was so faithfully served. The name of this faithful follower was David Gam. When Henry was a wild and thoughtless prince David was a little boy. Yet even then he cherished a strong sentiment of love and admiration for the youthful prince, whom he believed to be brave and generous, though he was wild and pleasure-loving. His great desire and boyish ambition was to become a soldier, and faithfully serve the young prince. He had heard of his bravery in a recent battle, where he had refused to retire from the field, even after receiving several wounds in the face by an arrow. He had also heard many ta les of his kindness and generosity, and how much he was loved by those about him. All these things had filled his young heart with love and admiration for his prince. At this time David was thirteen years of age, and lived in the borders of Wales.

One night, as he was returning home over the mountain, whistling a merry tune, he came to a place where the path branched off in two directions. Here he found a horseman, who was pausing at this point, as if uncertain which road to take. Both he and his horse looked weary. David saw by his equipments that he was a soldier, and this warmed his heart towards him. As the lad came up, the horseman accosted him, and inquired if he could direct him to the nearest village, adding that he had missed his companions and lost his way.

David at once offered to go with the stranger, and show him the way. As they went on together, the young Welsh lad, with the frankness of childhood, communicated to his companion his dreams and aspirations, telling him that, of all things in the world, he would like to become a soldier, and fight under the brave Prince Henry. The young soldier listened good-humoredly, and told David that he must ask his father to let him enter the army, when he was a little older. At the lad's request he also

gratified him with a circumstantial account of the last battle, which was the one in which the young prince had showed such bravery. David thanked him for his story, and said that he wished more than ever to become a soldier, and that if his captain would be just such a kind and noble gentleman as he was, he would be willing to do anything to serve him.

At the door of the little inn in the village the young soldier took leave of his guide. The light from the inn fell full on his face, and David saw that he was very handsome, and that the expression of his countenance was pleasant and winning. He slipped a gold piece into David's hand at parting with him, and told him that he must ask his father to make a soldier of him, and then perhaps they might some day fight together for Prince Henry. The young lad went home more desirous than ever to become a soldier.

Not long after this, the father of David Gam removed near to London. One day there was a great feast in London, at which

the prince was present, and David went to see the show. Through the kindness of a friend he obtained a place in the large hall, where he would get a good view of the whole scene. He was very much amused at every thing he saw — the servants, the table, and the dishes. But he did not forget his old love and admiration for the prince, and when he saw the company approach, all thoughts of everything else were swallowed up in his desire to get a good view of the prince himself. A noble-looking gentleman sat at the head of the table, and he was told that this was the prince Henry, so he went nearer to get a better view. To his great surprise he found that he had seen him before, and that indeed the young soldier whom he had conducted to the village inn in Wales, and with whom he had conversed so familiarly, was no other than the prince himself. There was the same pleasant smile, the same kind expression, the same commanding, yet winning air. You may suppose that young David was very much astonished at this discovery. He now gave

his whole heart to the young prince, and determined to live and die in his service, a determination which was most faithfully kept.

Not long after, as David stood gazing at a royal procession, he was recognized by the prince, who kindly stopped to speak with him. "Ha, my brave little Welshman," he said, "what has brought you from the mountains?" David at once told him of his long cherished wish to enter into his service. The prince accepted his offer, and from that day to the day of his death, he served him most faithfully. When the prince become king, he won the hearts of all his subjects, but he had no servant more faithful and devoted than David Gam.

In the same village where David resided when he first saw his prince, were two other Welsh youths, who were fired with the same devotion to their sovereign. Their names were Vaughan and Llewellyn. The three entered the service of the prince about the same time.

After a time king Henry declared war

with France, and his three Welsh adherents had an opportunity to serve him on the field of battle, and to prove their fidelity even unto death. The English army entered France in high spirits. At first they were successful, but sickness entered the camp, and carried off twenty thousand men. The king set out to return to England with the remaining ten thousand, but his progress was opposed by a formidable French army of sixty thousand, and he was compelled to fight the famous battle of Agincourt, for which the year 1415 was distinguished. It was indeed a fearful risk to attack an army of sixty thousand men, with but one sixth of that number, but to return was impossible, and to go forward was equally so, and the king relying on his brave soldiers, resolved to hazard the battle.

The night before the battle, David went to Henry to urge that he would grant one request, which was, that on the morrow he and his two Welsh friends might be permitted to fight by the side of the king.

His request was granted, the king answering him that he well knew he could nowhere find more faithful defenders.

The English with such fearful odds against them, gained a victory signal in the annals of war. The battle lasted three hours, and ended in the total overthrow of the French, of whom ten thousand were slain, and fourteen thousand were taken prisoners. During the fierce conflict the English king fought like a lion, and by his side were the brave three Welsh soldiers, who would not leave the king for a moment. A French Duke, who had vowed that he would either kill the English king or take him prisoner, made a furious onset upon him, and dealt a blow which cleft the crown on his helmet. But the faithful Gam rushed between the Duke and his royal master, and received the second blow, after which he laid the French nobleman dead at his feet. Eight other French knights, each of whom had made a similar vow, were all slain by the three Welshmen.

But though the victory was one of the

most brilliant ever achieved, it was a costly one to King Henry; for at its close he saw his three faithful Welsh servants stretched on the ground before him, bleeding to death from the wounds they had received. With a faint voice David Gam assured his king, as he bent over him, that he was willing to die for such a loved and noble master, and he expired with his eye fixed in love and gratitude on his prince. He had indeed been faithful unto death in his attachment to his royal master. In this faithful devotion to his king he was a true hero, and he served a brave and generous monarch, who possessed many qualities calculated to win the love and admiration of his subjects.

But the Christian serves a Master far more worthy of devoted love and faithful service. Should not the Christian hero then be faithful and loyal? He serves a heavenly prince, the king Emanuel, the Lord of glory. From Him he has received benefits and blessings countless as the sands on the sea shore. His Prince has ransomed him even by his own life. He has pur-

chased him, and all that belongs to him, by the shedding of his own blood. He can reward his faithful followers as no earthly prince can do. The brave king Henry loved his subjects, but what reward could he offer them for the precious lives so freely poured out in his service.

"Alas!" said the king, as he bent over them and wiped the death-sweat from their brows, "is this the reward of your gallant devotion to your king? Is there no way in which I can prove my deep sense of your loyalty and courage? I will knight you. Posterity shall hear of your actions, my brave Welshmen; and future generations shall speak of the three knights who died for their king on the plains of Agincourt." And there, in the last mortal hour, the three brave soldiers received from their king the honor of knighthood.

It was all that Henry could do for his dying servants, who had so freely given their lives for him. But what are earthly honors to the soul passing from this world to another? how vain and empty! Their

king had no rewards to bestow which could reach beyond the grave,—no immortal crown, no unfading laurel wreath of victory. He could reward them in life, but death mocks at all his proffered honors and rewards.

Not so with the Christian's king. He whispers in the ear of his servant, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." They shall live and reign with Him where "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Death, which mocks at every earthly honor, shall introduce the faithful Christian to his eternal inheritance. Should not such a Master be faithfully served? The fidelity of many a soldier of

an earthly prince may well reprove the unfaithfulness of those who serve the Prince Emanuel.

One instance of fidelity occurred during the Darien expedition, a sketch of which was given in our last chapter, so touching that I cannot forbear to relate it here. After the party had entered the boats which were to convey them to the Pacific, it was proposed to hoist the American flag. On starting from the Atlantic shore this flag had been committed to the care of one of the men. This man, faithful to the trust, had carried it to the last. He had wrapped it around his breast; and though his blanket, his haversack, and his rifle had been thrown away, he still clung with patriotic devotion to the only emblem of their nationality which remained to them. Though wounded and bleeding feet, and ulcerated limbs were calling for bandages, and the clothing was almost torn from his body by the underbrush, yet nothing could induce him to devote that flag to his own private use.

When his commander inquired if the flag had been preserved, the poor fellow brought it forward. When Lieutenant Strain ordered one of the men to hoist the flag in his boat, the brave fellow cast upon him such an appealing look that he instantly inquired what was the matter. The soldier's eyes filled with tears as he replied: "Captain, I have never parted with this ensign a single moment since you trusted it to my care on the Atlantic coast, and don't take it from me now."

"By no means, my brave fellow," said the captain. "It shall not be taken from you; display it yourself."

With a gratified smile the man unloosed it from the rags which scarcely covered his emaciated form, and, tattered and torn as it was, gave it to the winds, amid three cheers which went up from the little fleet. This man was faithful to the trust committed to him; faithful to the patriotic love of country, even amid sufferings calculated to blunt all the nobler sentiments of the heart.

If faithful to duty, faithful even unto death, is the watchword of the true soldier, shall it not much more be the watchword of the Christian soldier? It is, indeed, the watchword of the true and faithful Christian, and many such have proved their fidelity by cheerfully yielding even life itself at the call of their Lord and Master.

A few years since an industrious and intelligent man, with a large family, removed to this country from the north of Ireland. This man was a devoted Catholic. His elder daughters obtained situations in respectable families; and, after a time, two of these daughters embraced the Protestant faith. The father was at first bitterly opposed to the change; but finding that his daughters were still affectionate and obediant, he became more reconciled, and treated them kindly.

Not long after, the father died. Shortly after the death of the father, one of the daughters began to decline. The mother could not endure the thought that her daughter should die an apostate from her

church; and, probably at the instigation of her priest, began to use every means to bring her back. She refused to allow her to see the pastor of the church with which she had united, or any Protestant minister, declaring that, if Mary would not see her priest, she should not see any other. A pious layman, however, was permitted to visit her.

All other means having failed, the mother at last tried to frighten her daughter from her new faith by the most violent abuse. At one time, when the pious layman was with the daughter, the misguided mother entered the room in a great rage, with glaring eyes and clenched fists, and said to her feeble, dying daughter, "Get out of my house, it shall hold you no longer; for you are no daughter of mine. You have abandoned religion; you have quitted the holy church; you have given up your God; refuse to see the priest, and my house shall shelter you no longer."

What must it have been for that delicate invalid, so near the grave, to bear such abuse and violent language from her own

Martin Luther's Heroism before the Diet of Worms,

mother, at a time when every impulse of a mother's heart is usually aroused to minister, with the tenderest care, to the wants of the sick and dying. The visitor was, of course, much shocked, and inquired of the woman if she was really in earnest. With more violent language she assured him that she was.

After the mother left the room, the visitor turned to the sick daughter, and inquired if she was willing to go to the hospital. "Oh! yes," was the reply, "let me go there; for when my mother gets so excited it agitates me so that I can get no sleep all night; and now I am so weak that I cannot bear it." The visitor was surprised to learn that her mother had ever treated her so before, having supposed that this was the first time; but on expressing his surprise, he was told that she had done it almost every day.

"Why have you never informed me of it before?" he asked.

"She is my mother," was the simple and touching reply.

Almost daily would her mother abuse and threaten her. But this was not the only method she tried. At other times she would kneel at her bedside, entreating her to consent to see the Catholic priest, and confess to him; and offering her every kindness and attention if she would do so.

"No, mother," Mary would reply; "my religion is dearer to me than life, and I would not give up my peace of mind for worlds. Never, I beseech of you, make such a request of me again."

She could endure her mother's violent abuse; she could bear her rage from day to day without even communicating to any one her sufferings. She could do what, perhaps, was harder still, resist her pleading solicitations; but she could not be unfaithful to her Saviour and Redeemer, by denying what she believed to be the true faith. She was faithful even unto death.

Mary was removed, by kind friends, from the dwelling of her unnatural mother to the hospital, where she was tenderly cared for, and allowed to see her pastor and other

Christian friends, and where she soon fell asleep in Jesus, and went to receive the reward of the faithful.

My dear young friend, will you not, from this hour, resolve to become a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus? Will you not be faithful to Him as the Welsh soldier was to his liege lord? faithful as was the converted Catholic to her Redeemer and Saviour? Is he not worthy of your most ardent love and most faithful service?

## CHAPTER VII.

### OBEDIENCE.

Of the many imposing palaces which adorn the city of St. Petersburg, none are more magnificent than that known as the Winter Palace. This palace was first erected by the Empress Elizabeth. It was of extraordinary extent, and eight years were required to complete it. It is estimated that as many as one thousand persons were, at one time, domesticated in this spacious palace. Some of the peasants, employed in various services about the edifice built rude ubas — as the cottage of the Russian peasant is called — on the roof, among the chimneys, and it is said, that even a peasant's cow, at one time, found pasture on the moss-covered roof. The palace contained many magnificent apartments. Successive emperors added to its treasures.

In the reign of the late Emperor Nicholas, it was enriched by many curious works of art, a library of upwards of one thousand volumes, and a picture gallery containing more than two thousand pictures.

But during the reign of Nicholas, in December, of the year 1837, the palace was entirely consumed by fire. The Emperor and Empress were at a theatre when the fire broke out. The Emperor conducted the Empress to her carriage, which he ordered to be driven to another palace, and then he himself hastened to the scene of the awful conflagration. The spectacle which met his eye was terrific. The vast building was one sea of flame. The first fears of the Emperor was for his sentinels, stationed as guards around the palace. The discipline of the Russian soldiery is very perfect. Nicholas knew that the obedience rendered, by these sentinels, to the orders of their superiors, would be so entire, that they would not move from the stations assigned them till bidden by their superior officers, even if they perished in

the flames, and he thought it possible, that, in the hurry and confusion of the scene, those whose duty it was to relieve the poor men might quite forget them. So he galloped around the burning palace to look after the fate of these faithful soldiers. The event proved that the precaution was not uncalled for. On the western side of the burning pile, he found two soldiers standing resolutely at their posts, though they were near falling victims to the fire. There they stood, with their muskets on their shoulders, notwithstanding the frightful heat, apparently resigned to their fate, and resolved to be obedient even unto death. The Emperor quickly released them from their terrible position.

This is a striking instance of obedience to authority. These men had been trained in the severe discipline of the Russian army, and had been taught implicitly to obey every order, whether it led to life or death. Though theirs was a blind obedience to despotic authority, yet there was something heroic in their unflinching faith-

fulness to what they had been trained to consider as duty, even in the face of a terrible death.

There is often very much of heroism in obedience. A brave spirit may be as truly manifested in one who obeys, as in one who commands. Where you see a man steadfast in obedience to duty and rightful authority in the midst of difficulty and danger, there you see a brave, heroic spirit.

Christian heroism has often been exemplified in obedience — obedience to the laws of God under circumstances of danger and trial. There was once a great and powerful, but idolatrous monarch, who made an immense image of gold, and set it up in the midst of an extensive plain. A vast multitude was gathered to the dedication of the image. All the great men of the empire were there, for special messengers had been sent to summon them to attend on this extraordinary occasion. The order was issued that at a given signal the vast multitude assembled were to fall down and worship the golden image which

the king had set up; and lest any should refuse, a terrible threat was issued against those who should dare to disobey the royal mandate. All such were to be cast into a burning, fiery furnace.

Among the great multitude were three Hebrew princes. Their Chaldean master required them to worship the image which he had set up. But they were the servants of another Master, who had said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them." They must now choose between obedience to an earthly monarch, and to the King of kings. Did it not require a most signal exercise of a brave and heroic spirit to be obedient then to heaven's King? Most assuredly it did. But these men were true Christian heroes. They would not fall down and worship the image.

When the king was told of the conduct

of these men, he was very wroth, and when they persisted in their refusal to serve his gods, and worship the image he had set up, he was full of fury. He commanded that the furnace should be heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated. So faithfully was this command executed, that the fierceness of the flames slew those men whose duty it was to cast these princes into the flames. The sequel is familiar to the reader. The flames of the burning furnace had no power over these men. Their persecutors saw one walking with them in the furnace, whose form was like unto the Son of God. When the king, overawed by the sight, drew near, and commanded them to come forth, they came out so entirely unharmed that not even the smell of fire passed upon them.

One example of the heroism of Christian obedience, will be related from records of more recent date. In one of our Middle States lived an infidel who was bitterly opposed to the Christian religion. A daughter of this man was converted, during a

revival of religion in the place where the infidel resided. She offered herself as a candidate to the Baptist Church, and was accepted. On the next Sabbath she sought an interview with her father, told him what she had done, and that she was to be baptized that day. Her father was very much displeased, and finally told her, that, if she went into the water, his house should no longer be a home for her. What should she do? She felt that baptism was a divine ordinance, appointed by her Lord, and that obedience to him required her to partake of this ordinance. But to obey was to banish herself from the only home she had on earth, and to become a homeless wanderer in a cold, unfeeling world.

At first she hesitated, and, after consulting with friends, resolved on delay. At the close of the afternoon service she repaired to the water to witness the baptism of the other candidates. Here, after a severe struggle, she decided that she too would come forward for baptism. "I believe it is better to obey God than man,"

she said, with streaming eyes, as she stepped forward. After giving a short and simple account of the work of grace in her heart, she received the ordinance of baptism.

On reaching home, she found that her father was absent. But the moment of trial was not long delayed. In a short time he came in, and was informed, by a member of the family, what his daughter had done. He immediately turned to her, and said, with firm decision, "My daughter, you remember what I said to you this morning. You must *now* quit my home."

Her father seemed entirely in earnest, and she doubted not that her obedience to her Saviour, had cost her the loss of a home beneath the shelter of the paternal roof. She asked and obtained permission to take with her the clothes and other things belonging to her. Just at dusk she bade the family a tearful farewell and started forth on her cruel exile. But ere she had proceeded many steps, the heart of the father relented. Going to the door

he called her back, and afterwards treated her with kindness.

Not many are called to obey the sacrifice of forsaking home and friends; but it is no strange thing for a Christian to be placed where he cannot obey his Divine Master without encountering opposition in some form trying to his feelings. Sometimes this opposition comes in the form of reproach or ridicule, which is always hard to bear. To avoid ridicule or reproach, many a weak spirit has been driven to violate conscience, and prove recreant to moral obligation. The maxims of this world, and the laws of the kingdom of heaven are often at variance.

You will recollect the entire obedience rendered by the soldiers of the Darien expedition to their officers, even when they were but shadows of their former selves. Shall the soldier yield such implicit obedience to his superior, and shall not the subject of the Prince Emanuel render to him the most entire obedience? There is true heroism in this obedience to duty. When you see a man go straight forward in the

path of duty, asking only what is right, and faithful to his own convictions, you will know that he has not the heart of a coward.

Obedience is the badge worn by the disciple of Christ. Would you know whether you belong to Christ? Do you obey him? Do you habitually make conscience of keeping his commands, cost what it may? This is the test given by Christ himself, "If any man love me, he will keep my words." This is the surest, safest test of discipleship. He who knows all that is in man, knows it to be so. Other tests may deceive. We may think we love, when we do not; think we believe when we do not. There may be false hopes, false joys, false fear, but this test of obedience is plain, simple, practical. It is not whether our obedience is perfect, but whether it is sincere and habitual. Do we make the laws of Christ our rule? Do we constantly hold ourselves in readiness to obey them? or do we disregard them, and obey only the dictates of our own passions and desires?

Will you, dear, youthful reader, resolve to be a Christian hero in obedience? Will you regard it as your highest honor to be a servant of the Prince Emanuel? "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is the language of the Christian hero, and having learned his Master's will, no difficulty nor danger can turn him aside from obeying that will. He will remember his Saviour's bright example, "Who became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," and he feels that it is his highest honor to emulate that example. Sometimes obedience costs him much; but is he not a Christian hero, and shall he shrink from the sacrifice? Shall the soldier bravely march up before the cannon's mouth, at the word of his commander, and shall he fall back before difficulty and danger when he hears the command to go forward?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHEERFULNESS.

My young readers may possibly be surprised that cheerfulness should be considered as having a place among the elements of true heroism; but there is much of real heroism in cheerfulness. A cheerful spirit is a brave spirit. While the weak spirit sinks down in despondency, or yields to useless repining, the brave spirit bears cheerfully up against the peltings of the storm, and is serene when under the cloud. Who has not acknowledged the heroism of a cheerful spirit, which retains its serenity in the midst of privation, suffering, and danger? One or two striking exemplifications of this trait of character will be given in this chapter.

A young Englishman, working at his trade of mason, received a severe injury by

a fall from a scaffolding forty feet from the ground. He was removed to a hospital, where he was obliged to remain more than three months. As he was dependent on his daily labor, this was felt to be a severe trial, and it was not borne without much of murmuring and impatience. It was in vain that his attending physician assured him that such a state of mind only retarded his recovery, and reminded him of his obligation to be grateful for his singular preservation from instant death. His repinings still continued. But at last he was taught a lesson of cheerful submission in a very unexpected manner.

His teacher was a new patient, brought to the hospital after this man had been there several weeks. He thus describes him. "He was a poor, helpless old man, utterly deformed by suffering, his very name unnoticed, or at least never spoken of in the place where he now was; he went only by the appellation of No. 12 — the number of his bed which was next my own. This bed had already been his refuge during three long and trying illnesses, and had at last

become a sort of property for the poor fellow, in the eyes of his doctors, students, and nurses. Many years before he had totally lost the use of his legs, but earned his livelihood by copying deeds for a lawyer at so much per sheet; and if the legs were no longer a support, the hands worked at the stamped parchments as diligently as ever. Some months passed by, and then the paralysis attacked his right arm; still undaunted, he taught himself to write with the left; but hardly had the brave heart and hand conquered the difficulty, when the enemy crept on, and disabling this second ally, no more remained for him than to be conveyed this once more, though this time as a last resource, to the hospital. There he had the gratification to find his former quarters vacant, and he took possession of his old familiar bed with a satisfaction that seemed to obliterate all regret at being obliged to occupy it again. His first grateful accents smote almost reproachfully on my ear: 'Misfortune must have its turn, but every day has its to-morrow.'

"It was indeed a lesson to witness the gratitude of this excellent creature. The hospital, so dreary a sojourn to most of its inmates, was a scene of enjoyment to him, everything pleased him; and the poor fellow's admiration of the most trifling conveniences, proved how severe must have been his privations. He never wearied of praising the neatness of the linen, the whiteness of the bread, and the quality of the food; and my surprise gave place to the truest pity when I learned, that, for the last twenty years, this respectable old man could only afford himself, out of the profits of his persevering industry, the coarsest bread diversified with white cheese, or vegetable porridge; and yet, instead of reverting to his privations in the language of complaint, he converted them into a fund of gratitude, and made the generosity of the nation, which had provided such a retreat for the suffering poor, his continual theme. Nor did his thoughtful spirit confine itself to this. To listen to him you would have believed him an especial object of divine as

well as human benevolence, all things working for his good. The doctor used to say, that No. 12 had a mania for happiness; but it was a mania, that in creating esteem for its victim, infused fresh courage into all that came within its range.

"I think I still see him, rested on the side of his bed, with his little black silk cap, his spectacles, and the well-worn volume which he never ceased perusing. Every morning, the first rays of the sun rested on his bed, always to him a fresh subject of rejoicing and thankfulness to God. To witness his gratitude, one might suppose that the sun was rising for him alone. I need hardly say, that he soon interested himself in my cure, and regularly made inquiry respecting its progress. He always found something cheering to say, something to inspire patience and hope, himself a living commentary on his words. When I looked at this poor, motionless figure, those distorted limbs, and, crowning all, that smiling countenance, I had not courage to be angry, or even to complain. At each

painful crisis, he would exclaim, ‘ one minute and it will be over—relief will soon follow. Every day has its to-morrow.’ ”

The young mason had a fellow-workman a true friend, who spent many leisure hours with him during his confinement. This visitor became deeply interested in No. 12, and at last inquired of his friend, if there was anything he could do to manifest his regard for the good man. Now it happened that the old man had a volume of poetry to which he was much attached, and which he often perused. The work was in two volumes, and he had formerly possessed both of them; but about six years before, he had lost the second volume. The mason mentioned the circumstance to his friend, and told him that he thought the man would be much gratified to possess it again. The visitor promised to get it for him, but being himself entirely illiterate, the bookseller of whom he inquired imposed upon his ignorance by giving him an old almanac, instead of the work he inquired for. On the next visit to the hospital the gift

was placed in the old man's hands. But the young mason observed that No. 12 looked surprised when he first opened the book, though, when it was explained to him that it had been purchased to replace the lost one, his face beamed with a grateful expression, and the giver was thanked with a voice tremulous with emotion. Still the donor's friend suspected from that first look of surprise that something was wrong, and as soon as the visitor had taken leave, he asked to see the book. The old man was evidently reluctant to exhibit it. He reddened, stammered, and tried to change the conversation; but as his neighbor would not be diverted, he was obliged to lend him the little volume. As soon as the young man saw what the little volume was, he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter, but was soon checked by the only impatient word he had ever heard from the lips of No. 12. "Do you wish your friend to hear you?" he said reproachfully, "I would rather never recover the power of this lost arm, than to deprive his kind heart

of the pleasure of his gift." The old almanac was carefully preserved by the side of the volume of poetry, and every time the kind-hearted donor visited the hospital, No. 12 was sure to be employed in turning over its leaves. In this touching little incident was manifested a generosity and nobility of heart, which would have shed lustre on the name of the most distinguished hero. Who does not feel that this grateful, cheerful man was a hero in the highest sense of the term—that he possessed a true nobility of soul which many of the great ones of the earth might well envy.

There is no spot on earth so dark that it cannot be cheered by the light of Christian cheerfulness. This can illumine not only the lowly cottage, but even the gloomy prison. Shall I give you in proof of this, the sweet prison song penned within the prison walls by a Christian female, a song of gratitude and joy, and triumph. It is beautiful indeed in its sweet serenity and cheerful faith.

A little bird I am,
  Shut from the fields of air,
Yet in my cage I sit and sing
  To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

Naught have I else to do.
  I sing the whole day long,
And he whom most I love to please
  Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
And still he bends to hear me sing.

My cage confines me round,
  Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
  These bolts and bars above,
And all his purposes adore
  Whose providence I love;
And in his mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of my mind."

MADAME GUYON.

How beautiful is the light of Christian cheerfulness when it thus gleams out from

the hospital, the prison, the lowly abode of poverty, and the chamber of sickness. Who would not desire to cultivate in his own heart this attractive grace? There are many places in the lives even of the most favored which will be very dark if not enlightened by the ways of Christian cheerfulness. And indeed there are dark shades in the daily life of each individual—trials, cares and anxieties, which need be illuminated by its cheerful rays.

You may ask, how can one be cheerful when there is no pleasant object on which to fix the eye, when sorrow, disappointment, and bereavement have drawn a dark, murky covering over the soul's horizon? It is true that the soul can retain a cheerful serenity only by the contemplation of cheerful and inspiring objects; but the Christian is never destitute of such objects of contemplation, if he will only turn his eye upon them. When the eye of sense presents only objects of gloom, then must the eye of faith pierce the cloud, and penetrate to the sun-lit region which lies beyond.

There the sky is thickly studded with the bright stars of promise, the earnest contemplation of any one of which is well calculated to light the soul with the radiance of Christian cheerfulness. In this bright galaxy are found such stars as these,—"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God—to them who are called according to his purpose." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The Christian hero must cultivate a cheerful spirit, and resist the temptation to gloom and despondency which will often assail him. It is a trait of character which sheds lustre upon every other. It honors God by a cheerful faith in his promises. It robs the petty trials and vexations of life of half their power to annoy and harass, and sheds over the hour of deepest gloom the light of serenity and hope. It is the

very shield and buckler of the Christian hero, for a cheerful spirit will toil bravely on, where a desponding one will falter and fail.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SELF-DENIAL.

To gratify self in some form is the ruling desire of every worldly man, so that it is the Christian hero alone who practices self-denial in the broad sense of the term. As self-denial is the denying of one's own desires and appetites, or fighting with one's self, it requires no small degree of true courage — Christian heroism. Yet every age has furnished bright examples of Christian self-denial. In a field so wide it is not easy to make a selection, but it would be difficult to find an example of more devoted self-denial than the following.

You have heard of the disease of leprosy among the Jews of ancient times. You are aware that it was a very loathsome disease, and that the leper was considered ceremonially unclean, and was excluded from

the camp in the wilderness, and from the cities of Israel in Canaan. It seems that the awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. How much it differs from the leprosy mentioned in the Bible, I do not know, but it is so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper, and it is regarded as perfectly incurable.

In the south of Africa is a large lazar-house for lepers. It is enclosed by a high wall, and contains fields which the lepers cultivate. The one entrance to the lazar-house is strictly guarded. In this abode of misery and suffering are a large number of lepers, in all stages of the disease. Here is their home for life. When any one is found with marks of the dreadful malady upon him, he is taken and brought to the gate, and compelled to enter in, never again to return to the haunts of men, for no one who enters is ever allowed to come out again.

A missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill watched the lepers at their work. Two of them

were sowing peas in a field. The one had no hands, the other no feet, these members having been wasted away by the progress of the terrible disease. The one who had no hands was carrying the one who had no feet, upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so the work of one man was arranged between the two.

But these lepers had precious immortal souls. In common with other men, they needed the preaching of the gospel to tell them of the leprosy of sin and of the fountain opened for its cleansing. But who would go to them on this errand of mercy? The man who should enter that gate must enter it never again to come out. He must spend his life in that prison-house of disease, dead to all the outer world of activity, hope and enjoyment. You will ask, could any one be found willing to make such a sacrifice, so to deny himself, and do much more than forsake father, mother,

and houses, and lands? There were those willing to do it. Some years since, two Moravian missionaries chose this lazar-house for their field of labor, and others declared themselves ready to take their place when death released them from the service. Were not these men Christian heroes?

In every walk of life are found examples of self-denial in the work of doing good to others. A negro female was for years a slave in New Orleans. By dint of industry and economy, she and her husband were able to purchase their freedom; and by pursuing the same course several years longer, they were able to lay by the sum of four hundred dollars. A part of this sum the wife resolved to spend in restoring one female slave to liberty. She attended a slave sale, and purchased a young woman for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. Her next anxiety was for the redemption of the soul of this young female, so much more precious than the redemption of the body. As a means to this end, she determined to go with her where

she could enjoy the preaching of the gospel. She therefore took passage for New York, with her husband and her liberated friend. When they landed, she said to the latter, "You are now in a free State, and also where the privileges of the gospel are freely enjoyed. All I ask for my kindness to you is, that you endeavor to seek the favor of God. If you live with me, and work with me for your support, I shall be rejoiced; but you are at liberty to do as you please, for you are now free." The liberated woman accepted the kind invitation, and soon after became a sharer in that grace which had so transformed the heart of her benefactor, that she was willing to employ her earthly all, that she might reclaim from bondage a fellow-being, and place her where she might hear of that eternal redemption from sin and death which is offered to every one to whom the gospel of glad tidings is brought.

Lest some of my young readers should imagine that they are too young to exercise self-denial, our next example of this

virtue shall be drawn from the conduct of a little boy of seven years old. This little boy had given his friends cheering evidence that he had become a Christian. He was once wilful, disobedient, and selfish; but was now gentle and yielding in his temper and conduct. The mother of this little boy was pleased to see him manifest such a meek and submissive temper, but she wished also to know if he possessed a self-denying spirit, and she resolved to prove him on this point, when a favorable opportunity should occur.

Such an opportunity soon presented itself. Some one had given the little boy a gold dollar. He thought a great deal of this dollar. He loved to look at it very much, and valued it more than any of his other presents or toys. One day this little boy had been thinking about the love of Jesus till his heart was full. He went to his mother, and standing by her side, said, "Mother, it seems to me I love the Lord Jesus; he shines in my heart so. I'd give him any thing. I'd give him my rocking-

horse." His mother remembered how much he thought of his gold dollar, and she said, "Will you give the Lord Jesus your gold dollar?" This was a hard question, and he could not answer it at once. He loved his gold dollar very much. For a moment he looked very earnestly into his mother's face, and then, without saying a word, crept behind her chair, and finally stole away to a window.

Two days passed, and still that question remained unanswered. His mother feared that he had forgotten it, or that he was not willing to part with that loved dollar for his Saviour. But on the evening of the second day the little boy went to his mother, and with a very sweet but serious expression, said, "Mother, I will give my gold dollar to the Lord Jesus. Here it is; what shall be done with it?" "What would you like to have done with it?" his mother asked. "May it buy Bibles to teach heathen children about Jesus?" he inquired. When he was told that it might, a heavenly smile overspread his face. "Mother," he

said, "I am glad I have got a gold dollar to give to Jesus; but I was n't ready when you first asked me. I am now."

The little fellow gave what he much loved to Christ. Are you, dear reader, willing to do the same. He denied himself to give it. Opportunities for the exercise of self-denial in some form, are of daily occurrence, and such daily self-denial is required of all who enlist under the banner of the cross. The words of Jesus are, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." This is hard, you say. True, it is hard. There is, however, one way to make it easy. This is the way the little boy tried. Love bears the cross without finding it heavy. Love proves the truth of the Saviour's words, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Look at the love of Jesus till your heart is so filled with it that it is easy to give up any thing for him. So long as your thoughts are occupied with yourself, it will be very hard to give up any thing that self wants.

But let your heart once be filled with the love of Jesus, and self-denial will become easy — it will even become a pleasure. To please Christ will seem infinitely more desirable than any form of self-gratification; and the practice of self-denial will fill your heart with peace and joy, as it did the heart of this little boy.

In this way is fulfilled the promise made to all who forsake any earthly good for Christ. They shall receive a hundred-fold in this life. If that little boy had spent his gold dollar to purchase something for his own gratification, or kept it to look at, would it, think you, have made him half as happy, as he was made by the peace and joy which filled his heart after he became willing to give it up for Jesus, and could say, "I am glad I have got a gold dollar to give to Jesus."

Dear reader, what have you to give to Jesus? Will you give him yourself? Will you become a Christian hero in self-denial? Will you resolve to hold nothing back

that Jesus requires of you? If you do this, you shall find that his service is not a hard service — that self-denial, from love to Christ, brings a joy far exceeding any form of self-gratification.

## CHAPTER X.

### CONCLUSION.

No successful war was ever waged, no great enterprise ever accomplished by the combined energies of masses of men, without the all-controlling influence of some great master-spirit. There must be a leader and commander; and the more direct and powerful his influence upon those to be controlled and guided by him, the more sure the success of the object to be accomplished.

The little band of Christian heroes has its leader, and is under the conduct and guidance of the Captain of their salvation. Never could the Christian soldier brave the perils of the way by his own unaided strength and wisdom. It is the strength and wisdom of his great Leader which secures the certainty of a favorable issue.

But let us look a moment at those mas-

ter-minds, who lead their fellow-men to the achievement of great enterprises. Let us see how they influence those who follow them, first, by the power of example, and secondly, by the power to awaken a strong personal attachment. Almost every distinguished general has been distinguished by one or both of these characteristics. They have been brave men themselves, and by their own personal example have stimulated their soldiers to acts of bravery. They have shown themselves ready to meet peril and fatigue, and the influence of their example has infused the same spirit into the humblest soldier in their army. Had they kept at a safe distance from danger, while they commanded their followers to meet and brave it, the victories which have shed around their names a halo of military glory had never been recorded in history. Cyrus, Alexander, and Napoleon were each examples of this.

Probably no general ever exerted so great an influence over each individual of his troops, as Napoleon; and here in no small

degree lay the secret of his success. His troops were constantly stimulated by the example of his own bravery. He asked them to encounter no danger to which he was unwilling to expose himself. He was ever in the heat of the battle, and in the foremost ground where danger threatened.

He also possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of awakening a feeling of personal attachment to himself. The familiar sobriquet by which he was known in his army was that of the "Little Corporal," and each one was ready to peril life and limb for the "Little Corporal." This was the great secret of the wonderful victories he achieved. His soldiers were entirely at his command, and faithful even unto death. Each one admired the disregard of danger and fatigue constantly manifested by him, and strove to emulate it.

It is related of him, on the eve of one of his great battles, that he was everywhere present, superintending in his own person every arrangement. He was on horseback by night and by day; passing rapidly from

post to post, and allowing himself very little time for rest or even for food. At one time, during eight days and nights of incessant rain, he never took off his clothes, or even his boots, or once threw himself down on a couch to rest. The consequence was that his troops were animated by the same spirit. Whatever might be their sufferings or state of exhaustion, when the Emperor appeared he was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations. His personal influence over them was unbounded.

At one time there had been a frightful storm of several days' continuance. The road was rendered almost impassable by the snow, which melted as it fell. A division of Napoleon's army was making forced marches through all this dismal storm; dragging the heavy artillery over the almost impassable roads, until the soldiers were nearly dead with fatigue. At the dawn of day Napoleon appeared in their midst. He was on horseback, spattered with mud and drenched with rain. He had been riding all night to overtake this division. He

gathered the soldiers about him, and talked with them familiarly of the situation of the enemy and of his plans for obtaining a victory. The soldiers, weary and jaded as they were, burst out into vehement transports of enthusiastic devotion. When Napoleon, after a brief interview, put spurs to his horse and passed on his way, one mighty shout of exultation pierced the tempestuous sky, and was heard above the raging of the storm. His influence had invigorated with new strength the enfeebled division, and with new life they toiled on in their weary march. Such was the influence obtained by a great general over the minds of those who bled and died for him, and brought their lives to be sacrificed on the altar of his proud ambition.

Was such a commander so loved, and shall not the Christian's leader, who has given his life for his followers, be loved with a love far surpassing the devotion of a faithful soldier to his commander? And so, in truth, it is. No love inspired by mortal man ever equalled the love inspired in

the heart of the Christian for his divine Master. It is a love which many waters cannot quench nor floods drown. It is the hidden but powerful motive which arms him with strength to do and to suffer. What shall separate him from the love of Christ? — not only from Christ's love to him, but also from his love to Christ?

The Christian has ever before him the bright example of Jesus to inspire him with courage and incite him to fidelity. This example sheds its light in every path trodden by the believer. He bids his followers go only where he leads the way. He puts no cup of sorrow to their lips of which he has not himself first drank. Does he bid you descend into the lowly valley of poverty? He has been there before you, and there you may trace his footsteps. How poor was the Son of Man. A manger was his cradle; he was the son of a carpenter; and he declared of himself: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Does your path

lead you into the wilderness of temptation? Behold there your Saviour's footsteps, when forty days and forty nights he fasted and was tempted of the devil. Does he call you to weep by the grave of a friend? See him weep by the tomb of Lazarus. Does he call you to suffer reproach? Behold Him mocked, buffeted, spit upon, clothed with a purple robe and a crown of thorns. Are you called to endure great mental anguish? Look at Gethsemane, where His soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death. Do your steps approach the valley of the shadow of death? Behold his footsteps there. Are you descending to the tomb? Even there, too, has He been before you, to enlighten its deep gloom, and give promise of a glorious resurrection.

Again, would you be patient? "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." Would you be obedient? Remember him who "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Would you be self-denying? Think of Him who "pleased not himself." Would

you be faithful? Do not forget him who said, "For I came down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me." "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus, who was faithful to him that appointed him." It is not easy to be brave in danger and suffering, persevering under difficulties, cheerful when under the cloud—in short to be a Christian hero; but looking unto Jesus is the source of the Christian's strength.

My dear young friend, in the ardor of youthful hope and courage do you long for some field on which you can display all the elements of a brave heroic character? Become a Christian hero, and such a field shall be yours. Here you may exert all the highest and noblest powers of your soul, and find employment worthy of them. You will find those who will despise your choice, but they are not the truly wise. The day is coming when their folly will be manifest. When you, if you make the wise choice, shall be crowned with glory

and honor, they shall be covered with shame and confusion. It is true that trials and difficulties lie in your course here, but they all pertain to the narrow isthmus, to the short span of life. When you leave this behind, you leave with it every sorrow and struggle, while before you lies an endless perspective of holiness and bliss.

If you will not be a Christian hero, then you must remain the slave of sin. Not a freeman, but a slave. Not a victor, but vanquished. Not an heir to a conqueror's crown, but a condemned criminal, condemned by the righteous law of God, sentenced to the doom of fallen angels and lost spirits. There is no way of escape from this, but to journey across the isthmus of life in the king's highway of holiness, to follow in the footsteps of the Captain of your salvation.

Will you not cast in your lot with those that follow Jesus? Do you say it must be hard to be a Christian hero. Think of the grace and strength so freely proffered. Look in at the heavenly gate upon those

who have fought the good fight and obtained the crown. Look, as Bunyan did, till you wish that you were there. Look until it shall be more than an idle wish, until you shall say, I too will be a Christian pilgrim, a Christian hero. I will cast in my lot with the people of God.

In this little volume the Christian life has been mainly represented as a conflict — a struggle — a battle to be fought — a victory to be won. This view of it is often presented in the Word of God; but I would remind my readers that this same Word presents under very different metaphors other aspects of the Christian life. If the Christian has conflicts the world knows not of, he has a peace, too, equally unknown to the world, a peace that passeth all understanding, and is not incompatible with a constant warfare with sin. Indeed, it is only by the subduing of sin and lust that true peace and happiness is to be gained. He has rest, too, even in the midst of enemies, a rest which the unquiet spirit of the worldling knows not of. How many sigh and sing,

"Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

But they who have believed do enter into rest. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," are the words of our blessed Saviour. There is peace in the midst of conflict, there is repose even on the battle-field, and this peace and rest will be just in proportion to the faith and confidence the Christian exercises in his great Deliverer. He may, if he will, so shelter himself by faith under the wing of his Redeemer, as to find a sweet and quiet repose of spirit even in the midst of difficulties and dangers. He may make the Lord his refuge, his fortress, his high tower, the rock of his salvation, his habitation, whereunto he may continually resort, and so may prove the sweetness of that promise, "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."

My dear young friend, if you will be a believing Christian, strong and unwavering

in faith, then shall you find it easy to be a brave, self-denying, obedient, faithful, cheerful Christian. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." Be not discouraged at difficulties, for mountains become mole-hills to the earnest believer. He comes up out of the wilderness of sin leaning on his Beloved.

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